

ANGLING SPORTS:
IN NINE
PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

A NEW ATTEMPT

To introduce a more pleasing Variety and Mixture of
SUBJECTS AND CHARACTERS
INTO

PASTORAL.

On the Plan of its primitive Rules and Manners.

Suited to the Entertainment of Retirement, and the
Lovers of NATURE in rural Scenes.

With an ESSAY *in Defence of* this Undertaking.

By MOSES BROWNE. *K*

THE THIRD EDITION,
Corrected, and very much improved.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius—* VIRG.

LONDON:
Printed for EDWARD and CHARLES DILLY.
MDCCLXXIII.



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TO THIS

EDITION.

THESE Eclogues and Essay were written so long ago as the summer of 1727, and the Author's Three-and-Twentieth Year ; before engaging in his more serious studies, and present profession : And had a general favourable reception, and many testimonies of commendation and public respect, through Two Editions. The reprinting them again in this has been prest, and a considerable while promised and expected. The whole is purely simple and innocent, founded in description, and the rural artless appearances of Nature : and of a kind, it is conceived, that can give none offence. It is from hence the writings of Homer, Virgil, and the ancient Poets appear, at this day, as new and much admired as at the first ; because they



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took their images, and drew their copies from this original unfailing source, and are true portraits, and lively resemblances of what we know, and lie common to observation: as Nature never varies, and will be viewed always with the same attractive familiar face. It is hoped these little Pieces will be found an harmless agreeable entertainment, from their subjects, novelty, and several improvements here made; with Readers, pleased with poetry designed to engage the imagination and tender passions, and are friends and favourers of simplicity, decency, and the modest unlicentious Muse.

Morden College, May 3, 1773.

7 NO 61

THE
DEDICATION.

WITH Genius blest, with Sciences adorn'd,
Free DODINGTON ! polite in gen'rous arts,
A Muse, allow'd to boast thy gracing smile;
Courts, thus indulg'd, thy mild, familiar ear.
Physician of the melancholy mind,
Deprest by Fortune's weight, sure comforter
Of drooping merit lab'ring in despair.—
Nobility ! be better than a name.
Nobility !—pure Mirroure of all good !
Or of all bad extreme ! words cannot paint
The pow'r of thy beneficence divine,
When freely flowing from the *open heart* ;
Extract of highest worth without alloy.
Pleas'd, could I wish with devious steps enlarg'd
To visit here a full illustrious train,
Endear'd by ties of soft humanity ;
A Court where brightest constellations shine.
Nor, Patron, let thy prais'd humility

Suspect this strain, the sycophantic wile
 Of Bard insidious : Me, nor learnt in arts
 Of servile fraud, to barter truth for smiles ;
 Grateful where once oblig'd—but far remov'd
 From hateful flattery, with low submit
 To sue to empty title, and debase
 Her steady principles, for sordid praise
 Of the *Great Vulgar* : Happy to persist
 Unvarying, only to the foremost names
 Of choice observant, self-devoted—YOURS,
 And HERTFORD's, lov'd of ev'ry gentle Muse.

O, haste the gen'rous work that waits thy hands !
 The *Muse's* sons, a hapless suff'ring race,
 Loyal to Courts and Kings ; be these thy care
 To succour, from an ill-requiting age.
 But far away be the rude rout repell'd
 Of trading *Poetasters*, pest'ring swarm,
 That ever at the gates of palaces
 With their loose-fashion'd rhimes, officious throng
 Obtrusive, and the lib'ral ear restrain
 From merit--friendless--aw'd--abash'd—deign *these*
 Distinction ; and the modest genius prompt

En-

THE DEDICATION.

ix

Encourage. By this gentle pattern form'd,
Gallus and *Pollio*, ancient names, inclin'd
 To worthy Verse a fav'ring ear ; nor less
*Mæcenæ*s, and *Agrippa*, and renown'd
Augustus, glory of *Saturnian* climes.
 Thus BRITAIN too may boast of equal fame ;
 Patriots, to cherish worth and lib'ral arts.
Somers nor thought it scorn, nor *Halifax*,
 Great Names, to patronize deserving Song ;
 Nor *Dorset*, who so well could grace the Lyre.
 Thou too, indulgent of *poetic* worth
 The Muse attests, and of her favour'd train
 Not one be found unwitness to thy praise.
 Nor, of the rural theme contemptuous, scorn
 An humble Verse, tho' of the *wat'ry* race,
 And *Fisher's* sports descriptive, labour new.
 The fam'd *Sicilian* Swain * his oaten reed
 To *Ptolemy* attun'd, and *Maro's* Song
 Made lowly shades deserve a Consul's care.

* *Theocritus*.

So

So might but thine the *piscatory Strain*
Engage, and to its aid invok'd appear
His present *Genius*, while I sing to thee.
Nor less delightful shou'd th' unlofty lay
Be then esteem'd, that sings of *Fishy Lakes*
Bank'd with green shade; Peace-visited retreats,
The Anglers Haunts, and lonely-loving Bard's
Tranc'd, in sweet musing: Hither led of old,
Prophetic of celestial truth, fam'd *Seers*
Were wont, observant of th' inspiring call,
To hasten and, with vacant minds enlarg'd,
Attend the heav'nly charge; and mightiest Kings
Have here their careful Diadems exchange'd.
—Ah me! will ever the un pitying Fates
To Poets most disfavour'd, with one wish,
One humble wish! so might it but succeed,
Suffice my ling'ring hopes; desirous long
Of Solitude, soft Banisher of care—
Enrapt I languish for the wish'd retreat,
Deny'd to my unhappy choice—For me

Hard-

THE DEDICATION.

xi

Hard-lotted hours with chearless round renew.
 Except, when by the Poet's page enlarg'd,
 I wander far thro' *classic* shades renown'd;
 O'er, *Helicon*, thy hallow'd walk, and thine
 Green *Ida*, seat of desolated *Troy*:
 Eternal names in antiquated Song.
 O! lead me where the Cypress high embow'rs
 With pleasing shade, where thick'ning groves sur-
 round,

The Lotus and the all-obscuring Pine.
 To fruitful *Chios*, or th' *Arvisian* shade,
 Plenteous of chearing *Bacchus*: or thy shores,
 Kind *Latium*, let my loosen'd fancy range:
Prænestæ, Mother of the genial Vine,
 Cool *Bajæ*, and *Peligni*, rich in streams,
 And *Cuma*, nam'd of rest and sweet repose.
 Here, to the rural choice at large resign'd,
Hortensius liv'd, fam'd Orator; and erst
 The Senate's and the Consul's lasting pride
 Fam'd *Cicero*, retir'd from Toils and Rome.
 Pleas'd with his change he bid adieu to courts,

Nor,

Nor, oft the humble *Angle* wou'd disdain
To tend at hours contemplative ; to thought
Kind minister. Shall I forget to hail
Linternum, where, devote to solitude,
Immortal *Scipio* spent his peaceful days :
Lov'd *Scipio*, darling of the Roman name !
Thus haply THOU, might Britain so permit,
Would pass thy smooth unruffled hours ; nor so
Should she be wanting of thy patriot cares,
For ever wakeful found——

My Lyre untun'd,
Unstrung—I on thy sacred Laurel here
Suspend—

An offering, votive to thy Fame.

A N
E S S A Y
IN DEFENCE OF
PISCATORY ECLOGUE.

THE Criticks, an arbitrary positive set of men, have taken upon them to make a much too nice comparison between the success of Heroic and Pastoral Poetry ; for they allow scarcely more than three who are deservedly ranked in the class of writers of either sort : notwithstanding there have been numerous performers in each kind, in several ages, of different abilities and excellencies in their peculiar way, and of evident, acknowledged merit. I must confess, upon an impartial enquiry there does not appear any evidence of reason or facts, as pretended, to support this fanciful distinction : for besides THEOCRITUS, VIRGIL, and TASSO, whom they make to have

2

have been the only writers of true *Pastoral*, our Spenser, Fletcher *, and Milton, and I am free to add Mr. Philips, Mr. Congreve, and many others, have a deserved praise for the pieces they have given us of this kind. The true nature of Pastoral seems not to have been well considered or understood, as from its innocent inartificial beauty one might expect it should. Clownish and low expressions, quaint obsolete phrases, on the one hand, though they cover a false and improper sentiment; and on the other, laboured turns of wit and amorous extravagancies, appear to be mistook by some, for its distinguishing graces. Nor is this at all to be wondered at; considering the difference between the new and old world, he must have no ordinary capacity, who, bred up in the forms and delicacies of courts, or tumultuous luxuries of a city, can descend to the humble quiet plains, and take

a

* See the Faithful Shepherdes, by Fletcher; and some excellent poems entitled *Britannia's Pastorals*, by Wm. Browne, Esq; of the Temple, about the year 1600. A new Edition of which is lately made, with his other works, from a very ingenious, respectable hand.

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xv

a survey of all that was simply natural and pleasing in those earliest happiest ages, without any mixture of the ill habits of the present. The want of this singular turn of mind has occasioned many to despise this ancient elegant species of Poetry, imagining it an entertainment unfit for a polite and generous education, while the Heroic has carried away the esteem. It is not my design to enter into the merits of *Pastoral* and decide the deference, but if we may judge of its value by its scarcity (I mean of the pure, true kind) it will bear as high estimation as *Epic Poetry* * : and, in the reverence that is due to antiquity, take place of it. It is so old *Grammarians* are at a loss

* So confessed a judgment as *Virgil's* should certainly have weight in this dispute. He infinitely preferred his *Pastorals* to his *Æneis*, on account of the subject : and in one of his letters to the Emperor calls Heroic Poetry “ The invention of a degenerate age,” and chides himself for attempting it. The great and admired *Cicero*, upon hearing this Poet's sixth Eclogue, in part only, repeated (as was then the custom on the Roman stage) praised him with this exclamation,

Magnæ spes altera Romæ !

xvi AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE

loss to find out it's original, probably of as long a standing as the world. And there will arise a considerable argument in it's advantage, that though it was the earliest and most universal species of Poetry, the parent of the *Dramatic* and *Epic*, and successively of all other kinds, yet it arrived not to its perfection till after them : HOMER had finished his *Iliad* before THEOCRITUS began his *Idylliums*. Nay there is that remarkable affinity between them, that the genius which is most capable of *one*, is as peculiarly happy at the *other*, and is naturally led to attempt both : the same breath which tunes the *Shepherd's Reed* can give full harmony to the *Warrior's Trumpet* ; THEOCRITUS himself, is as signalized and celebrated for his *Hercules* or *Castor*, as he is for his *Goat-herd* or *Cyclops*. VIRGIL, TASSO, and SPENSER, have discovered the same abilities with like success ; and the difference seems so nicely suspended, that it is hard to say whether it is more difficult to hit the sublimity and perfect regularity of Epic Poems, or the plain familiar, easy manners of Pastoral. Driness and affectation is as hardly to be avoided
in

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xvii

in one, as rusticity or false refinement in the other. SINCERUS, to bring the comparison nearer, makes Pastoral a *species* of Epic Poetry, “ which alters it’s name (he says) according
“ to the different modes and forms of its imi-
“ tation ; as when we represent the actions
“ of great and illustrious men, it is then *Heroic*
“ *Poetry* ; when of shepherds and rural cha-
“ racters, *Pastoral*.” But what proof can be more clear, and to the advantage of the latter, than the slow progress in its improvement ? Common and ordinary productions we see brought to perfection in an age or less, this required many. For though we read of the pastorals of DIOMUS, DAPHNIS, HIMERÆUS, the pretended inventors, yet they were either lost or of little esteem in THEOCRITUS’s time ; otherwise, according to the modish authorized plagiary then in use, he would have inserted them in his *Idylliums*, that they might have been the more effectually preserved, which was the intent of that practice. But we find the case directly contrary ; for, in plain reference to this, in an epigram he has prefixed to his poems, he assures us, “ that he never

xviii AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE

“made use of any verse that was not perfectly of his own composing.” I think THEOCRITUS will be allowed to be the first who established *Pastoral* upon any regular foundation; the *Idylliums* of Moschus and Bion, that have been attributed to him, being composed afterwards, and not capable of a comparison. But how happened it that from the reign of PTOLEMY to that of AUGUSTUS, a period of near three hundred years, it lay wholly unattempted? VIRGIL was the first, according to his own relation, that brought it into Italy.

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu
Nostra ———

'Twas first our honour on our plains to sport
With Siracusian verse ———

What caused this strange vacation? was it any defect in the subject? On the contrary, could there be any thing more simply delighting? It had the scenes of the Golden Age for it's pattern, a time so fondly described with many beautiful advantages by the Poets, distinguished for the leisure, innocence, and
happy

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xix

happy tranquillity of it's inhabitants; the agreeable shades and retirements nature every where afforded them, and all that would admit of utmost scope for poetical ornament; that one must conclude, nothing but the difficulty of this writing could dissuade from the attempt. It being, like other noble atchievements, obliged to wait till time and the slow advances of genius should raise up some, equal to the undertaking.

If I have recovered any esteem for this venerable abused remain of antiquity, I fear I shall find it no ordinary task to overcome the weight of authority, and persuade some to an opinion that seems to set aside its established rules. The characters of Shepherds have been held the only subjects of Pastoral. Hence the arbitrary, humourfome pedantry of Scholiasts and Commentators; Servius on the Bucolics, and Hensius upon Theocritus, allow but seven of Virgil's Eclogues, and ten of the Idylliums to be purely pastoral. In respect to names it will be a matter of indifference, but under these are comprehended *Husbandmen, Vinedressers,*
a 2
Fishers,

xx AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE

Fishers, &c. as I will endeavour to shew from its nature, and the liberty both Virgil and Theocritus allowed to themselves. *Rapin*, in his well known *Discourse on Pastoral*, has followed the general humour. But he changes, *Frenchman* like, and is so volatile in opinion—affirms and denies in the same breath, and uses such freedom of conjecture, that his arguments will carry less authority. We will take his definition of Pastoral. “Pastoral (*he writes*) is “the imitation of the action of a Shepherd, “or one taken under that character:” *and a little before*: “There may be reckoned two “sorts of imitation; one peculiar to Heroes, “which constitutes the Heroic; the other to “Shepherds and *Rusticks*, that constitute Pastoral.” So that here he allows it to consist of other rural persons besides Shepherds. Nay he goes on to assert, “There is nothing so “high and lofty it may not successfully aspire “to. Inasmuch that it may sometimes admit “of Heroes and *Gods*, so they are managed “with judgment, and shrouded under the “persons of Shepherds.” And farther, he seems to speak on my side, where he is of opinion,

opinion, "It may contain more subjects than "Virgil has made use of." But he runs away so fast one must be at pains to keep pace with him. If "the persons of Rusticks, as "well as Shepherds, constitute the *Eclogue*," why does he exclude those Idylliums of Theocritus for impropriety as have such very persons for their subjects? As particularly, *The Reapers*, the *Two Fishers*, both which, for their singular simplicity of sentiment as well as characters, are peculiarly beautiful and regular. If it may extend to high "and "lofty matters," what room has he to exclude the 29th *Idil.* where *Hercules* relates to *Phyleus* how he had killed the *Nemean Lion*? The King *Augeas* and his *Son*, are both represented by the poet as *Shepherds*, and found by the Hero tending their flocks. Or why is Virgil's *Pollio* rejected, that contains so natural and fine a representation of the earliest ages? If "it may contain more subjects than Virgil "has made use of," may not Anglers, Fowlers, and other rural employments, whose leisure, solitude, and innocent manners make them strictly conformable to his rule, be reasonably and pleas-

xxii AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE

ingly introduced? Who can have greater leisure, or be led into more agreeable contemplation, than an angler, peacefully seated on the shady banks of a lonely river at his quiet recreation, attentively considering the gliding stream, mingled groves, hills, and open plains; the various landscape around him? Our French critic has but one poor objection against the use of rustic characters, "Their solitude (*he says*) will not admit of a song." The labour, fatigues, and little leisure, indeed, of some country employments, may unqualify them for such amusements. But he has attributed upon another occasion, "the first rise" of Pastorals to the extreme leisure and solitude that attended a Shepherd's life." Which, if required in pastoral characters, is no where more remarkable than in those I have instanced. It is easy to account how Shepherds have obtained the place in *Pastoral*; the intent of this poem was to imitate the envied innocence and happiness of the primitive world; and as the inhabitants were Shepherds, or employed in rustic affairs, and Pastoral owed its origin to their invention,

suc-

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xxiii

succeeding ages, willing to preserve the memory of its authors, confined it to their persons. But if their practice was to be considered as a standing rule, why did they not chuse their Shepherds of a more elevated rank than the plain ordinary natives of *Sicily*? PAN, APOLLO, or MERCURY, who were all of this profession, would have been more recommending names, and sung with better grace, than *Dametas* or *Coridon*. But I will wave this till I come to speak a little of the language of Pastorals. The heavy precise Grammarians, from whom Rapin has made his division of *Theocritus*, would be hard put to it by their rules to prove the purity of those ten Idylliums which they have set apart as regular; or acquit themselves for those they have rejected. Let us, a little, make a fair enquiry into this. What title has his SECOND, the *Incantment*, to the genuine class into which they have admitted it? The speaker there is more likely to be taken for a woman of quality, than a mean inhabitant of the plain.

—*Anaxo*, *Eubul*'s daughter, neatly drest
 Begg'd me to go and see *Diana*'s feast :.

xxiv AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE

With her's my *nurse* did all her pray'rs unite.
So, forc'd, and *finely drest in pomp and state*
I went ———

And after ;

No signs of life did thro' my limbs appear,
But I grew stiff, stiff as this *Gold I wear*.

There is no mention made through the Idyllium of any thing that may be applied to a Shepherdess. Her lover, whom she there conjures, is a choice spirit, a wrestler, town-ranger, and debauchee. If this is pastoral, HORACE'S *Canidia*, nay LUCIAN'S *Dialogues* may put in for a title. Perhaps, because Virgil in his 8th Ecl. had an evident eye to this, they concluded it must pass unquestioned. He had a judgment to know how far he must differ from the model, in his imitation ; *Alphesibæus* in him, makes a better *Pastoral* figure than *Samætha*. I would know what it is entitles the 7th *Idyl.* to a classical right, more than its fellows that are put out of the number ? *Smichidas*, *Eumenes*, and *Amintas*, are invited out of town (an unusual residence for Shepherds) to celebrate the *Feast*
of

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xxv

of *Ceres*; on the way the Goatherd *Lycidas* asks,

What urgent *business* makes thee leave *the town*?

After this, one would think he should hardly be a keeper of flocks, or if he was, as it seems to appear, a *Herdsmán*, was employed in affairs of husbandry too.

O may she * often fill the fruitful plain :

And may I tread the ricks and fix the fan.

Here are persons manifestly brought in against their rules, and rejected in all points correspondent to it, particularly in the 20th *Idyl.* of the *sighted Shepherd*, who I think is not more uncivilly used by his city mistress, than by the *commentators*. POLYPHEME (in 11th *Idyl.*) has other work to do besides minding his flocks; he upbraidingly bids himself

Go, wreathe thy baskets, cut the tender boughs,
Go, mind *thy harvest-work* —

But

* *Ceres*.

But Virgil abundantly mingles his characters; *Shepherds, Vine-dressers, Planters*—all are interwoven together. Let any read the complaint of *Melibæus*, and judge if he is not perfectly a husbandman. He complains, he should plant and sow his fields to be possessed by others: that he had grafted his pears and pruned his vineyards for strangers.—The passion of *Corydon* is diverted by applying himself anew to the same rural vocations; and he introduces himself in his *7th Ecl.* mending his fences, and binding his myrtle trees. But in the *10th*, the whole country is brought in, and a full general company of *Shepherds, Neatherds, Pan, Silvanus, Apollo*, and all the rural inhabitants. So that both from *Theocritus'* and *Virgil's* authority and practice, let but the manners of the speakers be adapted to the simplicity and purity of the golden age; let them have but leisure for their muses, and the country for their residence, and whether they are *Shepherds, Anglers, Fishers, Fowlers, &c.* it is equally indifferent; Nature is a wide field, and varied for contemplation, and the multiform pleasing objects and observations that present themselves from
floods,

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xxvii

floods, hills, woods, vallies, and plains, and their numerous orders of inhabitants, may furnish the *pastoral Poet* with a choice of familiar beautiful ideas. There wants nothing but a bold and leading genius, rich in a regulated, happy vein of fancy, correct judgment, and a well digested change of new and agreeable subjects, to strike into a fresh path, and give a set of pieces of this kind, more entertaining and pleasing than any we have yet been acquainted with. Nothing is more grossly mistaken in its nature and design, than in what is ordinarily seen produced this way: its characters are not more confined than they are ridiculous; it is not enough they are simply Shepherds, they must be Shepherds *in love*, all flame and rapsody, or you fail in your attempt, let it be ever so inconvenient for you. Love governs our passions, and seems inseparable from our undertakings,

Omnia vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori.

Love conquers all, and all to Love must yield.

This that marks the sublime in *Epic*, the tender in *Tragedy*, the genteel in *Comedy*, the
lively

lively and humorous in Lyrics, gives also the finishing grace to *Pastoral*. All their Shepherds have to do, is to meet under the shady beach or myrtle, quarrel, pipe, and sing catches about their sweet-hearts. And upon this score Mr. *Dryden* judiciously ridicules our common *Eclogue-writers*, and merrily says, of one of the most considerable of the French, *Monf. FONTANELLE*, "That he seems to have taken Pastorals and Love-verses for the same thing." For except the words *sheep* and *flocks* here and there unnecessarily and unmeaningly mingled, they might pass for the gentle epistles of *Ovid*, or furious passions of *Sappho*, rather than be imagined the *Pastoral* courtship of *Amintas* or *Strephon*; their desires are different, and expressed in another manner from those of *Arcadia*. Solitude, it is owned, is a motive to love, but cannot it discreetly take up a part without engrossing all? We are obliged to the Italians and French for this eternal *Phyllissing*. Methinks a Shepherd describing the pleasures of the country, and his own innocent, happy condition; an Angler singing of rivers, the breed, haunts,

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xxix

haunts, and nature of fish; or a Fowler at his pleasant, artful recreation, sitting under a green shade and watching his nets, and chanting his rural song concerning his feathery subjects (admitting of a few heats of love between) might be so managed and adapted to Eclogue, as to acquire general esteem, as well for their easy instructive philosophy, as entertaining variety.

It might be imagined that Angling, an exercise so gentle, and such a friend to contemplation, should need no argument to recommend it to the regard and favourable sentiment of a wise and thinking man; it seems so free from the hazard and fatigues of other recreations, and those ill habits and disorders, many of them breed in mind and body, that one would think it was the innocent diversion of the infant world, and the readiest, most naturally suggested subject for pastoral Poetry to be employed in. It has had charms to captivate the most illustrious, as well as the more humble, and to be equally loved by the most contrary minds. *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* are both reported to have delighted in it, amid all their
luxury

xxx AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE

luxury and grandeur ; and the sober *Cicero*, in his learned retirement. Of our own nation, Dr. NOWEL, Dean of *St. Paul's*, in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth* ; the Rev. Mr. PHINEAS FLETCHER, who himself wrote *Piscatory Eclogues* * ; the celebrated Dean DONNE, Sir FRANCIS BACON, Sir HENRY WOTTON, men
of

* They have been reprinted very lately in an handsome Edition. He was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, son of Giles Fletcher, Dr. of Laws, Embassador from Queen Elizabeth to Muscovy. Some specimens were given from this Author's writings in the two former impressions of this Essay, as *here* inserted.

But ah ! let me under some *Kentish hill*,
Near rousing *Medway*, 'mong my *fellow-peers*,
With fearless merry-make and piping, still
For ever pass my few and slow-pac'd years.
The beech shall yield a safe, cool canopy,
While down I sit and sing to th' echoing wood ;
Ah ! singing might I live, and singing die !
So by fair *Thames* or *Medway's* silver flood,
The dying swan, when years his temples pierce,
In music's strains breathes out his life and verse,
And chaunting his own dirge, tides on his watry
hearse.

The

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xxxi

of extraordinary reputation and rank, have done the same; the *latter* of which used to say, " That it was an employment for his " idle time, which was not then idly spent, " for that Angling was, after tedious study, a " rest to his mind, a chearer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, " a moderater of passion, a procurer of contentedness; and that it begot habits of peace " and

The other is a simply-plain and pleasing, innocent description of country happiness.

His certain life, which never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich *content*;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent.

His life is neither tost on boist'rous seas
Of the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God
can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse has place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.

Never his humble roof nor state torment him,
Less he could like, if less his fate had lent him,
And when he dies, green turfs with grassy tomb
content him.

xxxii AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE

“and patience in them who professed and
“practised it.” I would take occasion
to recommend here an ingenious discourse,
THE COMPLETE ANGLER *, a treatise, com-
posed very long ago † by the experienced Mr.
ISAAC WALTON, on that art. Whoever reads
the elaborate apology, curious instructions,
natural, easy, lively descriptions, the pleasant
moral, and learned digressions of that engag-
ing Author, will return fully possessed with
a love to his subject; it will insinuate fre-
quently into his reading, as it has done
strangely

* The Author of this Essay, a great while after
this was writ, has appeared as Editor of three several
Editions of this well accepted work; five of them
had before been published in Mr. Walton's life-
time. The said accomplished person was also inti-
mate with, and wrote the lives of, some of the
greatest men of his time (*in one small volume in 12mo.*)
particularly of his beloved Dean of St. Paul's, the
admired and well known Dr. *John Donne*, Mr.
Hooker, Bishop *Saunderson*, and the most excellent
Mr. *Herbert*, printed with the later Edition of his
Divine Poems, in which the reader will see a sweet-
ness of spirit, a natural, taking, happy simplicity
peculiar to all his writings.

† 1653.

strangely into mine, a number of unwearied times. I found, by the Dialogues of his Anglers, how properly they would suit with the innocent, humble, nature of *Eclogue*, and may have this advantage, that the phrase need not be so low and clownish as the Legislators of Pastoral, ordinarily, expect in their swains. I see no reason in their rule, if the sentiment be suitable, may not the expression be choice and pure as the language will admit, which is something agreeing with *Rapin*, without swelling to an error? It may shine of the polish, and not glitter with the Gold. If pastoral language was to be regulated by the manners and conversations of the *Golden Age*, we should have both more refined than any we are acquainted with. We rather draw our Shepherds contemptible figures of the rude undisciplined rustics of our own times, than imitate them from the antient *Pastors*, viz. Kings and Gods. We may see what capacities they were enriched with, from the abilities of *Hesiod*, *Moses*, and *David*, who were all Shepherds; by the extensive knowledge and observation they were furnished with into

b

nature,

nature, and the many discoveries they have made of sciences and arts, which are, on all hands, ascribed to them. It was a Chaldean *Shepherd* that first made known to the *Egyptians*, from whence the Greeks learned it, the mystery of the Creation. They were Shepherds who first invented and taught the use of tillage, husbandry, the rudiments of music, mathematics, and astronomy. We should not therefore, with all these high advantages, imagine it is deviating from their characters to make them civil and ingenious, and for fear of drawing them courtiers, paint them as savages: the golden mean is to be observed, and, if in some places I have made my Swains (it may be thought) a little too well bred for natives of the country, it was because I judged my subject not straitened, nor the speakers limited to all the slavish forms the pastoral critics have required. I have been cautious, however, not to soar out of reach, and as ingenious *Boileau* has it,

Amid the Eclogue make the trumpet sound.

We find that attending too strictly to low and coarse manners misled *Theocritus*, *Mantuan*,
and

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xxxv

and even *Virgil* himself, as is most apparent in his 3d *Ecl.* The poet rises otherwise in his account of *Silenus* ;

Ille canit : pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles.

He sung—the vales rebound it to the stars.

Perhaps a strain too high for the grovelling admirers of *Macrobius*, *Valla*, *Vossius*, to approve of, or imitate. There is a distinction and allowance to be made too, where the poet is speaking in his own character, which is *Virgil's* case here ; though in many things, like other bright originals, he is more to be wondered at than followed, or copied after. I suppose I shall fall under no reprehension for any unwarranted liberties I have taken ; the most partial admirers of Pastoral can have no offence to find their Swains angling by a clear stream, or pitching their nets and fowling in a remote shade, any more than they would to encounter them mending their fences, or dressing their vines. Fishers, indeed, following their laborious employments on the main, are not to be properly reduced to their taste,

nor are these the most eligible subjects. If they can be lawfully used, it must be but sparingly, and with some art and management, or they will appear with no advantage. I have used them but once in these Eclogues; as my professed view in this undertaking was to see how a mixture of characters, and a designed variety of subjects would appear, and agree with this sort of writing; and I have but one Eclogue with *Fowlers*, all the rest are taken up with Shepherds or rural persons, and Anglers. Perhaps it had been of advantage, and this subject had come with better appearance, if SANAZARIUS had never wrote his *Sea Eclogues*; the exercise of fishing appears so contemptible in him, that any that writes on a subject that seems to be of a similar aspect, must suffer disadvantage. His Oysters and Crayfish are served plentifully over without any change, and you may break your teeth before you get at his entertainment. His Water-Swains differ no ways from our most simple ones on land, only that he turns them to sea in an old tattered boat, and so leaves them to wail their loves and seek their

OF PISCATORY ECLOGUE. xxxvii

their fortunes. Rocks, waves, and desert shores are their insensible retinue. How unlike the attendants upon MILTON's *Pastoral* Pipe!

Rough Satyrs danc'd, and fawns with cloven heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

Milton's Monody of Lycidas.

Having said all I thought might be necessary in this place, and worth the considering, I may here conclude. There remains nothing now, but that I submit my endeavours to the opinion of the candid and judicious; having, from a reflection on my subject, the pleasure to believe I shall have few, if any, *others* for my Readers.

C O N-

7 NO 61

CONTENTS.

ECLOGUE I.

	Page
<i>ANGLING Seasons: or, The Weather.</i>	5

ECLOGUE II.

<i>Night-Fishing: or, The Nocturnal.</i>	19
--	----

ECLOGUE III.

<i>The River Enemies.</i>	33
---------------------------	----

ECLOGUE IV.

<i>The Sea Swains.</i>	45
------------------------	----

ECLOGUE V.

<i>Renock's Despair.</i>	57
--------------------------	----

ECLOGUE VI.

<i>The Anglers Songs.</i>	73
---------------------------	----

C O N T E N T S.

ECLOGUE VII.

	Page
<i>The Strife.</i> - - *	87

ECLOGUE VIII.

<i>The Fowlers.</i> - - -	111
---------------------------------------	-----

ECLOGUE IX.

<i>The Complaints: or, The Friends.</i> -	123
---	-----

7 NO 61



PISCATORY
ECLOGUES.



B





ECLOGUE I.
ANGLING SEASONS:

OR,

THE WEATHER.

To the Right Hon. GEO. DODINGTON, Esq.
One of the Lords of his Majesty's Treasury.



THE ARGUMENT.

LALET and ARGEL, two young Anglers, relate to the Herdsman MICO, who is observing their Diversion, the Inconveniencies from long Droughts and land Floods, the Signs and Changes of Weather, Seasons best for this Recreation, and the Methods of Summer and Winter Angling. The Swain makes each a suitable Present, and invites them, on an Appearance of Rain, to take a friendly Entertainment and homely Lodging, at his Cottage.



ECLOGUE I.
ANGLING SEASONS:
OR,
THE WEATHER.

LALET. ARGEL. MICO.

TH O' *Maro*, in renown'd *Augustan* days,
To Rome's first Patriots tun'd the rural lays;
Aw'd must the Muse attempt her feeble strain,
To nobler Patriots in a greater reign.

Thou, DODINGTON, of British courts the boast,
In whom the Poet's hope is never lost;
While I by streams in lowly plains rejoice,
And bashful try in shades my artless voice,
Blest with no gifts—in Nature's plainest guise
Her forms to picture, simply, as they rise;

6 ANGLING SEASONS: ECL. I.

Wilt thou, best Poet, best of Patrons, heed
 This homely tribute of my rustic reed.
 Yet, if the Muse this humbler labour grace,
 That sings of rivers and the watry race,
 Tho' unattempted themes the strains pursue,
 Untry'd the subject, and the manners new,
 Beneath thy influence, shall our isle no more
 The envied arts of Greece and Rome adore;
 O'er ev'ry clime her Genius shall prevail,
 And classic Bards unborn their *own* APOLLO hail.

By a lone stream that wash'd the village fide,
 Two social youths the heedful angle ply'd;
 No fisher-lads did e'er their skill exceed,
 Or knew more sweet to blow the tuneful reed:
 The herdsman Mico, from a hilly ground,
 Close at their sports the busy artists found,
 And to the flood with hast'ning steps drew near;
 For much he lov'd their mirthful songs to hear.
 Safe in their stalls his lowing herds were laid,
 And Bruma dress'd green lentiles in the shade:

ECL. I. OR, THE WEATHER. 7

For nigh at hand his lowly hut was rear'd,
And thro' the trees the dusky thatch appear'd,
Close at its side the winding river ran :
The swains he smiling join'd, and thus began.

MICO.

What sport, ye pair of fisher-friends, relate ;
Or feed the shoals—or pass, th' unrelish'd bait ?

L A L E T.

When droughts like these the slack'ning streams
repress
How, *Mico*, can the angler hope success ?
The fish with sick'ning looks their food refrain,
And seek the coolness of the deeps in vain ;
No kindly rains the scanty pools supply,
And running brooks have ebb'd their channels dry ;
On muddy banks their fishy trains they leave,
And with the heat their parchy bottoms cleave ;
A russet dye embrowns the wasted fields,
And the scorch'd grove its wither'd verdure yields.

A R G E L.

And yet, oft' times, the neighbouring meads

I've known

With bursting show'rs, and welt'ring tides o'erflown,

The rising floods o'ertop the mounding shores,

And leave on distant plains their scaly stores,

While from steep hills the oozy moisture drains,

By sweepy torrents wash'd, or driz'ling rains ;

O'er the clear streams a dark'ning cloud it spreads,

And drives the *earth-worms* from their slimy beds ;

In swarming shoals resort the *finny brood*,

And glut insatiate on the fatt'ning food *.

Then vainly waves the Angler's lengthen'd cane,

And costly baits allure the droves in vain.

N O T E S.

* *The Water at such times is too much discoloured for angling ; and the fish have such plenty of food, they often surfeit and die of over-much blood : it is frequent where the waters are naturally poor, and have too great store of fish, especially Bream.*

MICO.

Nor wants the Angler, pre-advis'd, to know
 When certain signs disfavours hours foreshow:
 Oft' times he views, awarn'd by adverse skies,
 His Fly or gliding Cork with hopeless eyes;
 When the dry *East* wind parches up the plain *,
 Or the wet *South* pours down the drenching rain.

L A L E T.

To flatt'ring skies no certain credit lend,
 Nor on precarious signs too far depend;
 The sportsman oft a ruddy morning sees,
 The air unclouded, and without a breeze,

NOTES.

* This is generally thought unfavourable to the Angler's recreation; the south wind is held the best of the four. Yet a most experienced lover of this art has recorded, for *his* observation, "let the wind sit any way, if it blow not too cold and the weather prove but cloudy, standing on the *lea* (viz. sheltered) shore, he would not doubt of success." WALT. *Comp. Ang.* p. 96. 8th Edit.

When

10 ANGLING SEASONS: ECL. I.

When sudden winds with height'ning gusts arise,
 And pitchy clouds veil thick the dark'ning skies;
 Then mizzly rains descend in ceaseless show'rs,
 And sullen *Auster* shakes the dripping bow'rs;
 The Anglers homeward o'er the meads repass,
 And journey, sad, a-through the plashy grass—
 And oft when clouds a threat'ning storm display,
 The omen issues in a radiant day.

ARGEL.

Happy the Fisher, when in sportive hours,
 No drougts prevent him, nor intemp'rate show'rs;
 When mildest zephyrs thro' the *Æther* fly,
 Or South winds spread their fleeces o'er the sky,
 While vary'd sun-shine and alternate rains,
 Temper the streams, and verdure all the plains;
 Then fish rise eager at the floating bait,
 Or sink the cork with their entangled weight.
 —But warn th' unpractis'd Angler not to ply
 In shallows then amid the swarming fry,

Left

ECL. I. OR, THE WEATHER. 11

Left haply they on the hid ruin feed,
And of their tribes prevent the future breed :

Thus both by turns the list'ning swain amuse,
Both pause, then each the varying song renews.

L A L E T.

When rotting weeds the thick'ning floods distain,
And to the deeps retire the finny train ;
Seek, Angler, then no more th' uncertain prize,
Ensuing frosts expect, and wintry skies.

A R G E L.

When mulb'ries first their budding verdures wear,
And *wormy* baits the hungry *Perch* * ensnare,

N O T E S.

* The *Perch*, naturally a bold, greedy fish, is very abstemious in winter. The *Curious* remark, he seldom bites till the mulberry-tree buds, *i. e.* till extreme frosts are past. For observing men conjecture on this appearance the forward fruits are in no danger : From whence, by this tree, the *Egyptians* hieroglyphically expressed *Wisdom*.

Securely

12 ANGLING SEASONS: ECL. I.

Securely then the peaceful streams explore ;
Ceas'd are the snows, and frosts offend no more.

L A L E T.

If, Anglers, while the summer's sports persuade,
Ye hope your toil with kindly hours repay'd,
With mingling threads be artful flies design'd,
If unprovided of the native kind ;
From sedgy brooks the husky cadews * bear,
And from the ford the bedded worm prepare ;

N O T E S.

* This wonderful insect is bred in little rivulets or ditches that intermix with larger rivers. They enclose themselves singly, in their *Nympha* or *Maggot-state*, in a case of bents or straws (whence they are called a straw-worm) condensed with slime and gravel in so curious a manner as no art can imitate ; and are found *thus*, sticking to the sides of reeds or posts under water. By putting them into a woollen bag with sand, wetted once or twice a day, they may be preserved a fortnight or more. They change into the *May* and other *Flies* seen near the banks of most rivers in summer.

Or

ECL. I. OR, THE WEATHER. 13

Or watch where wasps their infant brood display,
And from their hives the stinglefs young * convey;
Nor less may in the blended choice avail,
To hoard th' autumnal bee and dewy snail:
For oft invited by the vary'd bait,
The heedless fish are lur'd to tempt their fate;
Whether in depths retir'd obscure they lie,
Or leap expos'd to snatch the plunging fly.

A R G E L.

Ye Anglers, if in wintry hours ye chuse
By lonely floods the bending reed to use,
Observe at Autumn, when the lab'ring swain
The yielding green-sward plows or sandy plain,
If crows in troops attend the passing share,
Pursue the track, and eye the turfs with care;

N O T E S.

* The brood of wasps and bees, especially of the *bumble* kind, that breed in long grass about *August*, are excellent baits for *trout*, *chub*, &c. and prepared in a slow oven, with their heads dipt in honey, for *carp*. The black snail also, with his belly opened to discover the white, is a most approved bait for *chub*.

A worm

14 ANGLING SEASONS: ECL. I.

A worm within the parted clods you'll find
 Of whitish hue, the beetle's early kind * ;
 For there the pregnant tribe their brood repose,
 Which when mature their parent-form disclose :
 Of these be careful in your stores to place,
 A food delicious to the wat'ry race.

M I C O.

Harmonious pair, ye pride of fisher-swains,
 What thanks are due for such unequall'd strains !
 Not sweeter sound the whistling breezes make,
 Nor floods that on the rocky margin break.

N O T E S.

* This is a most excellent *winter-bait*. Gather a thousand or two about *Allhallon-tide*, and so till frosts, and with a peck or more of their own earth put into some vessel covered warm from air, and you may preserve them all winter, and take fish with them any time. By adding a little honey, a day before, they will be effectual to catch *bream* and *carp*. In the same manner you may keep *gentles* also, and *ant-flies*, by washing the vessel first with water and honey, and covering them with turfs from their own *billocks*.

And

And lo! the while, my hands have well design'd,
Two wreaths, of flow'rs and fragrant myrtle twin'd,
For either brow a rural trophy made;
Both victors, both with equal gifts repaid.
And if you'll teach me, if the skill impart,
To sing like you, and fish with peerless art,
Two rods of smoothest cane shall wait your care,
With lines of twisted silk, and purest hair.
But now with me dispend the loursing night,
Till bloomy morn renew the cheering light;
For see! apace the ev'ning shadows rise,
And gath'ring clouds enwrap the sable skies;
Your homeward course 'twere vent'rous to pursue,
When warning signs the hast'ning show'r foreshew;
Now flies the trunks of shadiest trees surround,
And ants are in their closest coverts found,
The sportful fish above the current spring,
And swallows brush the wave with level wing;

From

16 ANGLING SEASONS, &c. ECL. I.

From weedy pools the croaking frogs complain,
And flocking jays await the coming rain * ;
And see ! afar the melting show'r distills,
And breaks in mists around the smoaking hills ;
By chearful fires the gloomy eve we'll waste,
And hoarded fruits shall yield a sweet repast.
For you two beds of river-reeds I'll strew,
Dry from the stream, yet green as when they grew,
With poppies each and violet-flow'rs be spread,
And hazels soft as wool to rest your head ;
While winds and dripping rains a concert keep,
And thro' the rusling leaves allure to sleep.

NOTES.

* These are general signs. For the natural causes consult the philosophers, Sir Francis Bacon, &c.



ECLOGUE II.
NIGHT-FISHING:
OR,
THE NOCTURNAL.

To the Right Hon. William Earl of HARRINGTON,
One of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.



THE ARGUMENT.

TWO Youths agree to spend a Summer's Night in Angling.—Their setting out at Midnight described, with the gloomy Occurrences peculiar to the solemn twilight Season.—The Melancholy of the Time and Place excite in one some tender Complaints, which his Companion interrupts by discourse of his sport, and Description of the Morning's breaking, that ends their Recreation.



ECLOGUE II.
NIGHT-FISHING:

OR,
THE NOCTURNAL.

RENOCK. LACO.

IF, Muse, thou would'st the best of Monarchs
praise,
With BRUNSWICK's name exalt thy humble lays;
But if the best of subjects be thy care,
For HARRINGTON thy rural notes prepare.

And thou, propitious to the poet's pains,
While weightier themes thy needful ear detains,
Intent on gen'rous cares for Britain's weal,
And GEORGE approves with smiles thy foremost zeal,
Cou'd but the youth in equal strains pursue
Verse to thy fame and to thy virtues due,

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Thou, gen'rous patron of the tuneful throng,
 Had shone applauded in heroic song—
 Rude tho' the lay—may, haply, *this* appear
 Not disappointed of thy fav'ring ear.

The sun had half his annual course attain'd,
 And summer in her height of splendour reign'd;
 Young lambs did now th' accustom'd teat refuse,
 And for the foodful grafs forsook their ewes;
 Their earliest blush the rip'ning fruit reveal'd,
 And yellow corn began to spread the field,
 When two companion-swains by night arose,
 Rous'd from their leafy beds and short repose,
 To angle till the sun's returning beams,
 In pleasant shades by Avon's * silver streams.

NOTES.

* A principal delightful river of *Wiltshire* and *Hampshire* with plenty of fish, running through *Salisbury*, and emptying itself at *Christ-Church*. “ Hampshire (says “ WALTON) exceeds all *England* for swift, shallow, “ clear, pleasant brooks, and store of trouts, the catching of which affords the chiefest sport to the *Night Angler*.” *Compl. Ang.* p. 113, 8th Edit.

'Twas

'Twas the dead twilight of the fultry eve,
 When the fresh youths the silent village leave;
 Onward they haste, and pass with due regard
 The haunted hedge-row elms and drear church-yard.
 The doleful chimes from the age-mould'ring
 tow'r,

With slow, hoarse din rung out the midnight hour,
 While with loud chat and many a chearful lay,
 They labour'd to beguile the lonely way;
 Till the close-flowing stream their roam repress'd,
 When RENOCK thus his wistful friend address'd.

RENOCK.

Haste, LACO, while the midnight hour depends,
 See how the rising Moon our toil befriends.
 Now weazels from the lowly thatch resort,
 And on the quiet hearth the crickets sport;
 Unseemly toads now flock from caves beneath,
 And in rank fens the poison'd vapours breathe;
 In solitary stalls the night-fly sings,
 And beetles course the air with heavy wings

Deep in the folace of the gloom they play,
A race obscure and fearful of the day.
While silence to our sportive task persuades,
And kindly night conceals with favouring shades;
Name, if thou list, thy peaceful stand to chuse,
Why the fit hour shou'd we delay to use?

L A C O.

Lo! RENOCK, where the wand'ring current leads
Its bending course along th' indented meads,
Where scaly shoals the sporting eddies fill,
Here let thy practis'd angle prove thy skill.

R E N O C K.

Or shall we, LACO, since the clouding Moon
Denies to cheer the still nocturnal noon,
Shall we till morn, beneath yon bow'ry yews,
Avoid the midnight blasts and harmful dews?

L A C O.

Yon neighb'ring oak that o'er the current bends,
From midnight blasts and harmful dews defends.

There

ECL. II. OR, THE NOCTURNAL. 23

There rather (since you spreading shades require)
Let us to tend our watchful sport retire.

RENOK.

Ah! heedless boy! 'twas thither DIRCE stray'd,
By raging love and black despair convey'd,
When on the fatal boughs the flighted Fair,
At once surrender'd up her life and care.
—Now nightly there her restless ghost complains,
By *Anglers* oft descry'd, and watching *Swains*;
Hear, *Colly* barks! and when the barn-dogs bark,
Some ghost they see, or goblin of the dark:
For there the fairy train are often seen
To dance at curfew o'er the moon-lov'd green;
Deep in the baleful shade the glow-worm gleams,
And breaks the fullen gloom with cheerless beams;
The screech-owl too is heard o'er lonely grounds,
Scream from the luckless tree with boding sounds.

LACO.

Here then beneath the hedgy covert rest,
Nor farther roaming dangerously request;

24 NIGHT-FISHING: ECL. II.

Left fawns that haunt the dunny woods by night,
With hideous yell or glaring forms affright;
Or wand'ring fires that o'er the marshes stray,
Thro' bogs and moory fens misguide our way.

RENCK.

Content—Lo! here the winding streams retreat,
Nor can we wish a more delightful seat.
Behind, these alders from the weather screen,
Before, the lawn presents its lengthen'd scene;
Close on that side trills soft the emptying brook,
While this fresh woods and sloping hills o'erlook;
Thick over head the rose and woodbine meet,
Uniting shade to shade, and sweet to sweet;
The pea and bloomy bean their odours yield,
And new-mown hay perfumes the fragrant field;
Here too the nightingale delights the meads,
And grasshoppers chirp shrill amid the reeds;
And from the pin-fold here the bleating sheep,
Hear the still twilight and divert from sleep.

ECL. II. OR, THE NOCTURNAL. 25

L A C O.

Pleasing by early morn the bleating flocks,
The currents murmur down the distant rocks,
The gale's perfume, the echo's mimic sound,
The night-bird's song, and low of kine around;
In hollow banks the hum of must'ring bees,
And zephyrs whisp'ring soft amid the trees.

R E N O C K.

Coy Maid! lost lovely Sweet! ah, you can rest,
While I still wake with cruel cares oppress'd:
Blest pow'r of Sleep, her eye-lids gently close,
Melt her soft dreams with RENOCK's dying woes.

L A C O.

Here where the turning streams more slowly stray,
Mark the grown trout *, on watch for nightly prey;
Scarce

N O T E S.

* The directions by WALTON for taking this lovely fish by night (when the largest and best are caught) are very

Scarce hid he lies th' expected prize to seize,
Rous'd if the flood but dimples with a breeze.

RENOC.

Dear as the heart you break, oh! teach thy swain,
Like thee to vanquish, or like thee disdain:
Fond wish—Ah, no! our Fates have doom'd above,
She ne'er should yield, nor I desist from love.

L A C O.

Rest, frogs, nor venture from your holds to rove,
He reigns the terror of the wat'ry drove.

NOTES.

very curious and diverting. The tackle must be very strong, his bait (when the night is dark) a large garden worm, or more, drawn to and fro cross some dead part of the river that is near some swift stream or eddy: there the oldest and best trout harbour, lying near the top watching the motion of any frog or water-rat that swims between the sky and them, if they see the surface but wrinkle or move ever so little; if the night be not dark, a light-coloured natural (or artificial) fly is used with the same certain success, and are both accounted very choice ways. The reader may see them more particularly in the *Compleat Angler*, from p. 111 to 113. 8th Edit.

ECL. II. OR, THE NOCTURNAL. 27

Sink, happy bait ! O prove a fatal lure ;

'Tis done—Your wily murd'rer is secure.

R E N O C K.

Happy, ye eels, who ne'er love's torment know *,
And carp, blest kind, exempt from am'rous woe ;
Ye pike, a happy race, who all subdue,
No fond desires are e'er endur'd by you.
Ah ! like the tyrant pow'r, by whom I die,
And too alike to me th' unhappy fry.

N O T E S.

* Notwithstanding the doctrine of equivocal generation is long exploded, some ingenious men have imagined *carp* (like *Virgil's bees*) to be spontaneously produced, having caught them in ponds, where they assure us none have been conveyed. They add, some waters breed a weed called *pickerel*, of which (they think) *pike* is engendered and nourished, and always found in such places, though never brought : And, that *eels* breed thus ; of a certain prolific dew falling on the rivers banks about *May* or *June*, which is converted into these in a few days by the sun's heat. Allowing these errors (as doubtless) in philosophy, they will be thought excusable in the characters I apply them.

L A C O.

In Love's false fires, like one *be-whisp'd* away,
Nor sport he heeds—nor lifts to ought I say—

R E N O C K.

Yet ere thy exile, destin'd far to roam,
Quits thy lov'd charms, his heart's delightful home;
Ere I must see no more that face divine,
Nor those dear eyes! ah me, the light of mine;
Once let my sight on the sweet objects dwell!
Once let me whisp'ring breathe a sad *farewel*!
While in short murmurs, in convulsive starts,
Thy poor lost wand'rer his distress imparts—
The love, thy rigour still deny'd to bless,
The pangs, thy heart refuses to redress.
Ere my wild words shall lose thy distant ear,
Ere thy *least* glimpse shall to my eyes appear,
While their dim orbs the *dying mists* bedew,
Take my last sigh, that parts with life—in *you*.

L A C O.

Hark ! the shrill cock the rising morn proclaims,
 And calls aloud to field his feath'ry dames ;
 The mounting lark begins her warbling song,
 And gen'ral notes employ the airy throng.
 And see ! the sun reveals a glimm'ring ray,
 And streaks the bright'ning clouds with gleams
 of day ;

All nature seems reviving at his sight,
 And smiling wakes to hail his amber light :
 Now sparkling dew-drops glister on the grain,
 And coolly breezes fan the healthsome plain.
 " The plow-boy o'er the furrows whistles blithe,
 " And in the mead the mower whets his scythe."
 Shrill horns alarm the sportsman from his dream,
 And the bells tinkle on the new-yok'd team.
 —And now a cloudy paleness dims the skies,
 And floating mists from steaming rivers rise.
 See ! the blue fogs bespread the fenny ground,
 And fill the chilly air with damps unsound ;

A sultry

30 NIGHT-FISHING, &c. ECL. II.

A sultry noon the danky vapour shews,
And evening plenteous of refreshing dews.

RENCK.

No seasons please when griefs the mind o'erpow'r,
Griefs gloom alike the morn and midnight hour.
Damp fall the piercing mists, a chilling air ;
'Till chear'd by milder skies thy sports forbear,
'Till from the banks exhales th' unhealthy dew ;
At eve more blythe our pastimes we'll renew.



ECLOGUE III.

THE RIVER ENEMIES.

TO MR. JOHN DUICK *.

- * Known, under the Name *Silvius*, for many ingenious
Pieces of Poetry.



THE ARGUMENT.

A Swain, who had chosen an agreeable Solitude for Angling, is called to by a young Fisher, who hastily craves his Assistance to recover a Trout an Otter was endeavouring to seize from him, which introduces a short Description of his hunting and taking.—The Swain, invited by the Occasion, desires, while they are engaged at their Sport, a Relation of what Creatures are most remarkably hurtful and destructive to Fish. The Recital moves in them an innocent Pity; and some Things happening unfavourable to their Pastime, they leave it, and retire in Company.

ECLOGUE III.
THE RIVER ENEMIES.

LINUS. AQUADUNE.

WONT by the stream our sportive hours to
spend,

My youth's companion as my manhood's friend,
To thy lov'd theme a pleas'd attention bring,
So skill'd thyself to judge, thyself to sing.

Young AQUADUNE, the blithest fisher-swain
That ever frolick'd on the mirthful plain,
None sung like him so sweet; none e'er was seen
To dance so featly on the May-day green—
By chance the swain his early pastime led,
Where the clear Isis forms her weedy bed;
The angler LINUS, there he fishing found
On a green bank, beset with osiers round;

D

His

34 THE RIVER ENEMIES. ECL. III.

His dog, companion of his peaceful shade,
Was by, and near his mirthful pipe was laid :
First AQUADUNE attentive silence broke
With loud alarm, and thus accosting spoke,

AQUADUNE.

Help, Friend ! my tackle and my prey I lose—
See ! 'tis unhook'd, and flound'ring in the ooze.
Ah me ! the lurking *Otter* * while we stay,
Springs from the weeds, and bears my prize away,

LINUS,

Mopsus, o'ertake him ere he leave the sand ;
And bring, I charge, the robber safe to land.
Ah ! traitor, thou shalt soon thy boldness rue—
'Tis a true curr, he keeps him close in view.

NOTES.

* This amphibious, destructive animal to Fish, is often taken with dogs bred for that purpose, and is the pleasantest of all hunting. They are tamed when young, and may be made so docile as to catch fish and bring them to land at pleasure. *Otters* will travel eight, ten, or more miles in a night on these occasions.

AQUADUNE.

Look! he has hurt the dog—and makes away—

LINUS.

No danger, Friend, we hold him still at bay;
He gripes him, see! and makes to landward fast:
—Come, be content, the thief is caught at last.

AQUADUNE.

Now, caitiff, thou shalt pay me for thy spoil,
And thy gorg'd carcase dung the weedy soil.

LINUS.

There leave him, AQUADUNE, thy tinkling
bell *

Warns thee to heed thy busied angle well.

NOTES.

* The use of a *small bell* at the end of the rod is common for large fish, to give notice of a bite; chiefly for Barbel.

36 THE RIVER ENEMIES. ECL. III.

AQUADUNE.

I have him safe; look! 'tis a grateful prize,
A Barbel this, and of the largest size.

LINUS.

Since thou, so skilful in the Fisher's art,
And Verse can with such flowing grace impart;
And, since occasion prompts thy strife, disclose
The names and numbers of the fishy foes;
Nor need our sport, which now improves amain,
Defer my wish, nor interrupt thy strain.

AQUADUNE.

A thousand foes the finny people chase,
Nor are they safe from their own kindred race:
The Pike, fell tyrant of the liquid plain,
With rav'nous waste devours his fellow train,
Nor fears, provok'd by rage, or needy woe,
Rapacious to attack the common foe:

Un-

ECL. III. THE RIVER ENEMIES. 37

Unaw'd, he dares the stream-bred Serpent stay,
 Or from the grizzly Otter * force his prey ;
 And oft the shepherd's dog, amid the flood,
 He fierce assails—so wild his thirst of blood.
 Yet howsoe'er with raging famine pin'd,
 The Tench † he spares, a salutary kind,
 For when by wounds distressed or sore disease,
 He courts the fish, medicinal, for ease,
 Close to his scales the kind physician glides,
 And sweats a healing balsam from his sides.

NOTES.

* Ingenious WALTON observes, a Pike in his height of hunger will fight the Otter for a prey he has taken, as he will in such extremity attempt a dog or any cattle that come near his haunt to drink, nay sometimes *Man* himself. *Comp. Ang.* p. 128-9, 8th *Edit.* where each of the facts is confirmed.

† The Tench, from the foulness of his residence and feeding (delighting in pits and among weeds) is reckoned but unwholesome meat, though much esteemed by foreign physicians, and used in outward medical applications with great success. Rondeletius writes, he saw at Rome an extraordinary cure done by applying them to the feet of a very sick patient,

38 THE RIVER ENEMIES. ECL. III.

Hence, too, the Perch, a like voracious brood,
 Forbears to make this gen'rous race his food.
 Whether a loathing to his taste restrain,
 Or when devour'd he proves his deadly bane,
 Whate'er his wond'rous abstinence engage,
 A secret instinct still with-holds his rage ;
 Tho' on the common drove no bounds it finds,
 But spreads unmeasur'd waste thro' all their kinds,
 Nor less the greedy Trout and glutless Eel,
 Incessant woes and dire destruction deal ;
 In wat'ry dens the lurking Craber * preys,
 And, in the weeds, the wily Otter slays ;
 The ghastly Newt in muddy streams annoys,
 And in swift floods the felly snake destroys ;
 Toads for the swarming fry forsake the lawn †,
 And croaking frogs devour the tender spawn.

NOTES.

* The *Water-Rat*.

† TOPSAL distinguishes Water and Land-Toads, as well as Frogs, that greatly destroy the breed of fish, especially *Carp*.

LINUS.

These to the wat'ry province all belong,
 Or live at large, a mixt amphibious throng;
 Man only of the earth's distinguish'd breed
 With restless spoil consumes their hapless feed;
 Why cruel, has thy rude unpitying mind,
 So wild a waste, such stores of death design'd;
 The Trout-Spear * first thy murd'rous art devis'd,
 And num'rous shoals are by thy snares surpriz'd.
 The finny wand'ers now thro' every flood,
 Their lost companions mourn and ravag'd brood;
 The disappointed Angler hopeless seems,
 Amid drain'd waters and unpeopled streams,
 His plaintive songs by ev'ry flood resound,
 And useless lie his idle rods around.

NOTES.

* There is an odd, and very unfair way of night-fishing for *Trout* practised in *Hampshire*, by the help of lighted straw discerning the fish, and then darting a barbed spear into his head.

AQUADUNE.

What kind more harmless than the finny train *,
 Nor is the Angler by their treason slain,
 Nor beasts with savage appetite they chase,
 Nor wreak their fury on the feath'ry race ;
 All safe amid the wat'ry kingdom rove,
 Nor dread commotion from th' inhostile drove ;
 Yet neither, habitants of land nor air,
 (So sure their doom) the fishy numbers spare :

NOTES.

* Dr. DONNE in his Progress of the Soul, 29th Sonnet, has a reflection of this sort, from whence I have taken the hint, viz.

*Is any Kind subject to rape like Fish ?
 Ill unto Man, they neither do nor wish.
 Fisher's they kill not, nor with noise awake—
 They do not hurt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their young Sons to bear away.
 Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
 To spoil the Nests industrious Birds do make.
 Yet them all these unkind Kinds feed upon,
 To kill them is an Occupation,
 And Laws make Lents and Fasts for their Destruction.*

}
 The

ECL. III. THE RIVER ENEMIES. 41

The Swan, fair regent of the silver tide,
Their ranks destroys, and spreads the ruin wide;
The Duck her offspring to the river leads,
And on the destin'd fry insatiate feeds;
On fatal wings the pouncing Bittern soars,
And wafts her prey from the defenceless shores;
The watchful Halcyons to the reeds repair,
And from their haunts the scaly captives bear;
Sharp Hens and Corm'rants too their tribes oppress,
A harrafs'd race, peculiar in distress;
Nor can the Muse enum'rate all their foes,
Such is their fate, so various are their woes.

L I N U S.

Sweet dost thou carol, Swain, thy voice more sweet
Than waves that o'er the rolling pebbles beat;
Not osiers tun'd by winds can match thy strain,
Nor sickles sounding on the reaping grain.

A Q U A D U N E.

Our sports, O LINUS, with our songs give o'er,
Let's not increase the ruin we deplore.

Already

42 THE RIVER ENEMIES. ECL. III.

Already see, our toils are well repaid,
While to refreshment now the hours persuade;
Nor longer round the bait the cheven play,
But feed at distance and disperse away,
A ruffling gale from shore begins to rise,
And clouds hang heavy in the show'ry skies;
Weeds from the flood-gates borne the current fill,
And MILO sets to work the lab'ring mill.



ECLOGUE IV.

THE SEA SWAINS.

To the Rev. Dr. THOMAS BIRCH,
Secretary to the Royal Society.



THE ARGUMENT.

A Company of Fishers, forced by bad Weather, take Harbour up a shady Creek, where they divert and refresh themselves. An aged Swain (at their Request) entertains them with a Song in Praise of their humble, happy Profession, in which, by a designed Variety, he passes to the different wonderful Properties of some Rivers, and of several curious, remarkable Sea-Fish; and, by Occasion suitable to his Subject, introduces the Episodes of Arion and Glaucus—but is interrupted by the return of a Calm, which invites them back to their Employments.

ECLOGUE IV.

THE SEA SWAINS.

IF, BIRCH, dismiss'd awhile from studious cares,
The favour'd Muse thy peaceful leisure shares,
Deep-letter'd Clerk, Oh! vers'd in ev'ry art,
With Candour read what Friendship bids impart.

By a close creek, with shelt'ring rocks confin'd,
While the seas echo'd to the vexing wind,
Old *Chromis* in his dancing boat withdrew,
To mix in pastimes with the harbour'd crew:
Here, while their oars the idle nets sustain,
Drove from their labours on the madding main,
The *Fisher-Sire*, in skill experienc'd long,
The Youths now challenge for his promis'd Song.
In a still shade they sat, with garlands crown'd,
And the free rundlet went its cheary round,

When

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When

46 THE SEA SWAINS. ECL. IV.

When, peerless in his art, the *Father-Swain*,
Melodious—thus appay'd th' expected strain.

Happy the Fisher's life and humble state,
Calm are his hours, and free from rude debate ;
No restless cares he knows of fordid gain,
Nor schemes, that rack the moiling statesman's
brain,

Fearless in shades he takes his healthy dreams,
And labours, mild, amid refreshing streams,
Or on the quiet ocean tries his oar ;
Or sings in tempests on the shelt'ry shore.
His boat a cabbin yields, his sails a bed,
And ready fruits his homely table spread :
While berries, which th' unriv'd trees produce,
Refresh his kindly thirst with plenteous juice ;
Or clust'ring grapes their liquid treasures bring,
Cool-temper'd from the neighbour-running spring.
Who shares, like him, what bounteous Nature
yields ;

The gifts of rivers, and the sweets of fields ;

Ev'n

Ev'n all is his where'er he wanders round,
And age with undiminish'd vigour crown'd.

He sung the *Dolphin* next, a grateful name,
By lov'd *Arion*'s story known to fame.
He, wond'rous artist, with his magic lay,
Could the stream's rapid tide encaptiv'd stay.
The Wolf and Lamb, the Hare and coursing Hound,
Warm in full chace, stop'd list'ning to the sound,
With the dread Owl the Daw no longer strove,
And by the Hawk unfearful perch'd the Dove.
Him homeward voy'ging, the rapacious crew,
For fordid gold with threaten'd death pursue:
When the sad suppliant thus—"Nor life to gain
"I sue, but leave to tune one fun'ral strain."
With soft'ning tones he strikes the mournful strings,
His melting lay th' attentive *Dolphin* brings,
Whom straight to leap he vent'rously assay'd,
While thro' the waves triumphant airs he play'd.
Charm'd with his notes, and passive to his hand,
The wat'ry native bore him safe to land.

Pleas'd with his gratitude, the Sire of Gods
 The Fish translated from his parent-floods;
 Bid him a sacred constellation rise,
 And in nine glitt'ring stars possess the skies.
 Thus sung the Sage,—and whence the Fishers
 sprung,
 And of their arts, and of their loves he sung.
 Of rivers then, how some descending flow
 Engulph'd and swallow'd by the earth below*.
 How some to stone the tender entrails chill †,
 Or passing fowls with pois'nous vapours kill ‡.

NOTES.

* Such as *Tigris*, *Eridanus* and *Anas* (now *Guadiana*) in Spain, of which the inhabitants boast they feed a flock of sheep upon a bridge. The like is said of our Mole in Surry, near Leatherhead; though controverted in the Tour of England, (2 vols. 8vo.) and otherwise accounted for.

† Many waters are of a petrifying nature: the river *Selarus*, one near *Sens* in Champaign, a well by *Loches* in Tourraine, *Armagh* in Ireland, and near *Lutterworth*, and at *Bungay* in Norfolk. See Boyle's *Hist. of Firmness and Fluidity*.

‡ The ancient lakes *Avernus* and *Asphaltis* are remarked for this. Likewise two extraordinary wells in Upper Hungary, noted in Gordon's *Geograph. Gram.*

Of

ECL. IV. THE SEA SWAINS. 49

Of springs that sympathise with music's force *,
 Dance to its strains, and bubble from their source ;
 Yet calmer murmur as the notes decay,
 And cease their motion with the finish'd lay.
 What various tribes to Ocean's realms belong
 He taught, and number'd is his changing song :
 How wand'ring from the Main, the *Salmon* broods
 Their summer pleasures seek in fresher floods ;
 Unlike the Eel, who once to Ocean borne,
 Prefers the saline wave, nor seeks return.
 With strength incredible, the scaly race
 O'er rocks and weires their upward passage trace ;
 Bent head to tail in an elastic ring,
 Safe o'er the steepest precipice they spring.
 In Tivy's stream, a rock of antient fame
 Still bears of *Salmon-leap* th' according name.
 But when from winter's cold they back retire,
 And warmer holds in Ocean's courts require ;
 If then prevented by the fisher's wile,
 Who waits th' unfriended wand'ers to beguile,

* *The spring Elufina, mentioned by Aristotle.*

Some heedless rover strays detain'd behind,
 Still to the flood unwillingly confin'd,
 The lonely fish consum'd with pining grows,
 And gristley beaks his hard'ning mouth enclose:
 Yet in the briny surge soon wear away,
 And his plump scales recover'd health display.

Of Hermit Fish * he next employ'd his strain,
 That live retir'd within the bottom-main,
 And in some vacant shell dispend their age,
 Studious to shun the weather's varying rage:—
 Of Fish that oft their native seas forsake †,
 And thro' the air a wingy passage make;

When

NOTES.

* It is related at a certain age he takes possession of a dead fishes shell, dwelling alone, and turning it occasionally to avoid the injuries of wind and weather.

† The *Flying-Fish*, pursued by the *Bonetoe* or *Albacore*, takes to the air till her wings growing dry, she is obliged to return to her watry element. They are often taken at rising by the *Sea Fowl*, who wait busily to prey on them, as on their descent by the *Bonetoe*. More of
 this

When swift Bonetoes chase 'em for their food,
 And from the deep compel the harrafs'd brood :—
 How dull Remoras * stop the vessel's force,
 With magic fetters in its wat'ry course ;
 Who cleaving to its bottom, firmly bind
 The bark immoveable by wave or wind :—
 Then sung how *Cuttles* † from their mouths display
 The wiley bait to draw the nibbling prey ;
 While bury'd in th' obscuring ooze they lie,
 To seize securely on th' unwary fry :

NOTES.

this and other remarkable Fish is in the *Jesuits Voyage to Siam*, ingenious and very entertainingly wrote, 1683, p. 29, 30.

* This ancient Fable has given rise to a familiar proverbial figurative saying.

† *Montaigne* in his *Essays* calls this the *Sea-Angler*, and says, she casts a long gut from her mouth resembling *his* line as she lies hid in the gravel, and draws the small fish that bite so near that, she can leap upon and devour them.

How the hot Sargus, with licentious flames,
 Pursues on shore the goat's complying dames *;
 And how the constant Mullet with her mate
 Sequester'd lives, and follows to his fate †.
 And thou, O Glaucus! now of Rank confest,
 In Neptune's court of *demi-rule* possessest,
 What wond'rous herbs thy mystic change began,
 And form'd the dread Immortal of the Man!
 To the known shore the prosp'rous Fisher hies,
 And on the grafs displays his captive prize:

When

NOTES.

- * Th' adult'rous *Sargus* does not change alone
 Wives ev'ry day, but still to wand'ring prone,
 As if the honey of sea-love delight
 Could not suffice his ranging appetite,
 Sports with the She-Goats on the grassy shore,
 Horning their husbands, that were horn'd before.

Dubartas. *Walton's Comp. Angl.* p. 25, 8th Edit.

- † But in chaste love the *Mullet* all outvies,
 For when her *Mate* the *Fisher* makes his prize,
 Mad, to the shore she follows in despair,
 In life and death resolv'd his fate to share.

Ibid. p. 26.

The same is reported of the Bird Porphiro in Ælian.

When sudden o'er the flipp'ry turf they glide,
(The earth familiar as their native tide)
And swim, a riddling prodigy on land ;
Launch to the seas, and 'scape his eager hand.
Surpriz'd he stood : and while with curious haste
He plucks the herbage and informs his taste,
A shiv'ring horror seiz'd his inmost heart,
And instant change succeeds thro' ev'ry part :
His beard, that late with silver curls was seen,
Now took the tincture of the ocean green ;
His scaly limbs outspread a larger space,
And oozy locks his azure shoulders grace ;
The Pow'rs of Seas admit him to their train,
Decreed a portion of their liquid reign ;
But first, mysterious rites they doom, enjoin'd
To purge the gross alloy of Human Kind,
And nine times bid him plunge in floods profound ;
An hundred floods rush upward at the sound,
And nine times bear him thro' their dreary plains :
Purg'd of the human mixture's faint remains.

Acknowleg'd, to the Ocean-Courts he came,
And only of the Mortal keeps the Name.

The skilful Bard the *Scolopendra's* guile
Disclos'd, and how he voids the barby wile
His entrails forth emitting, to regain
His freedom, and uproot the sticking bane :
Then sings the Sea *Adonis* †, peaceful brood,
No prey pursuing, nor of ought pursu'd,
An inoffensive, unoffended race,
The pride and wonder of the wat'ry space.
—More had he sung : when lo ! the stormy blast
Grew hush'd, and murmur'd to a breeze at last ;
Fast and more fast the less'ning waves decline,
And birds of calm frequent the level brine :
Fresh for their toils they take the favouring gale,
And seaward hoist apace the speeding sail.

NOTES.

† *Ælian* (Treatise of *Living Creatures*, lib. 16) writes, the *Adonis* or *Sea-Darling* is so loving and innocent a Fish, he hurts nothing that has life, and is at peace with the numerous inhabitants of that vast watry element.



ECLOGUE V.

RENOCK's DESPAIR.

An Imitation of MILTON's Lycidas,

Inscribed to the Right Hon. the COUNTESS of
HERTFORD.



THE ARGUMENT.

This Eclogue is of private Concern, and contains an amorous Soliloquy of a slighted Swain, the same who is introduced with a Complaint of his unsuccessful Passion in the Second Eclogue (as Spenser more than once introduces his unhappy Colin with a well-known personal Meaning).—The Poet here, in respect to the ancient Birth-Place of his Family, (whose Name in the Female Line he has made his Lover personate) has singled out upon this Occasion a particular Scene of Action.

ECLOGUE V.

RENOCK'S DESPAIR.

An Imitation of MILTON's *Lycidas*.

ONCE let my Reed ambitious strains rehearse,
O lend thy aid, sweet *Lycid's* peerless Muse;
That HERTFORD* with approving smiles may hear.
If she approve, let envying Criticks blame;
Her smile is Fortune, and her notice Fame:
If she commend, what censure can'st thou fear!
Begin, and not ungrateful be the Verse!
And you, where most delight the Thespian maids,
With the free hours, and dallying Loves, to use,
Your succours lend—ye gliding rivers clear,
Bright sunny plains, and woods embrown with
shades,

* *Afterwards Dutches of Somerset.*

And

58 RENOCK'S DESPAIR. ECL. V.

And whatsoever may my song adorn :
 Ye flow'r-enamel'd meads of various hues,
 Fresh morn, and scorching noon, and midnight dews.
 Begin—A lowly swain, of mind forlorn,
 Young RENOCK, he, a hapless Fisher-Swain,
 Unpity'd pin'd for lovely STELLA coy.
 Despairing pin'd the slighted, absent Boy;
 For she was of the haughty city train,
 And of her hate he thus began complain.—
 While streaming Soar * his silver current led,
 Fast by his cave, and all his shores along,
 The gentle echo bore the mournful song.
 And now hot noon her sultry banner spread,
 And to the woods were hied the rural throng;
 But solitude he chose to sooth his pain—
 Too wild his pain for solitude to sooth,
 Such was his love ! and such was her disdain !

NOTES.

* A pleasant river in *Leicestershire*, rising near the ancient Roman *Watling-Way*, and passing into *Trent* by *Mount-Soar-Hall*, the scene of this Eclogue.

O STELLA fair ! of fairest most unkind,
 And I of truest lovers most distressed !
 To whom shall I my ruthless fate deplore ;
 Thou, far away, art senseless to my care,
 While hopeless thy unsoft'ning scorn I rue,
 And sigh my wild-plaint to the scatt'ring air
 And hurrying floods—Yet these more melt than you,
 These with kind sympathy my woes return ;
 Air can lament in winds, can weep in dew,
 The hurrying flood in murmurs bring relief,
 In plaintive murmurs from his troubled urn ;
 But thou art cold to love, as deaf to grief.

All in this stream my luckless fate I view,
 My luckless fate which never shall amend ;
 As he the flying Trent does still pursue,
 While she flies fast in her coy-winding maze,
 And to new loves her dallying arms displays ;
 So I in fruitless search my life dispend.
 Yet neighbouring nymphs me not uncomely deem,
 Nor of my Fisher-Peers for tuneful lays

Am I unfam'd ; by flowing Thames's stream,
 My native stream, oft heard with kindling praise :
 Unhappy me ! that ever there I came,
 Or view'd thy face, and fed this hopeless flame ;
 Tho' thou unmindful oft hast spoke me fair,
 And seem'd to love, ah me, deceiv'd ! how well,
 Than Wolf or Pike more fell ;
 With lives of foes their brutal rage they tame,
 But thou, than savage kind more cruel grown,
 Prey'st on a heart which love had made thy own.

O cold as morning dews, as mid-day bright,
 And more than primrose sweet, than daisy white,
 Softer than down that on the thistle grows,
 Which ripe September gives the frolic wind,
 And cruel as the thorn that arms the rose,
 Must I unpity'd ever wail my woes,
 Thy lips all pouting, and thy brow severe ;
 While scornful of my fate and abject pains,
 You, to my grief, withhold a soft'ning ear.
 All ignorant, ah ! little dost thou know,
 How Gods have suffer'd rural toils below,

And

And Goddeses have stoop'd to humble plains.
 Phœbus and Bacchus, each a pow'r divine,
 By fields of Ida tended woolly droves ;
 Adonis, tho' to fleecy flocks uptrain'd,
 The Queen of Love, enchanted with his grace:
 And young Iäsius, and Endymion fair,
 Each shar'd a lovely Deity's embrace,
 Nor lovely Deities the bliss disdain'd.
 For him bright Ceres left her harvest care
 To sport in twilight shades of secret bow'rs ;
 And oft the Moon came down from courts above
 To meet her darling Swain in midnight hours ;
 Carefs'd, was clasp'd, and mixt in mutual love.
 On stately oaks neglected acorns grow,
 While the priz'd strawberry lurks in bushes low,
 And costly pearls oft shrowd in coarsest shells :
 The little *Loach* * the *Barbel* Tribe excels

For

NOTES.

* The Stone-Loach, a small and inconsiderable Fish,
 has been esteemed by physicians so much for its innocent
 and nutritive food as to be allowed to persons in fevers,
 and

For wholesome use and more intrinsic grace;
 Tho' mean *his* form, and *they* a comely race.

Too Fair, misdeem it not employment rude,
 In shapely rods to fit the caney reeds,
 With slender fingers oft the web to ply,
 And weave in filken folds the mimic fly;
 To twist in equal links the knotty lines,
 And chase the grasshopper on dewy meads.
 Or, might the tendance of my *wormy brood*
 Thy cares engage, to mark when sickly signs *
 The little tribe's approaching fate foreshew,
 To see their mossy pastures oft renew'd,
 And drop the balmy cream's all-healing dew :

NOTES.

and other dangerous distempers. The Barbel, on the other hand, is not so good as he seems, having, in spawning season particularly, proved so hurtful as sometimes to have endangered the lives of the eaters.

* When the knot in the middle of the Brandling or Red-Worm swells, he is sick. A little cream dropt on them at times will recover them (their moss being often changed). An egg beaten in the cream and boiled in it, will both preserve them long, and fatten them,

Here,

Here, what soft pleasures might thy youth detain
 With thousand charms, the shade of thick-wood
 groves,

Smooth plains and gently-sloping hills around,
 The crew of Fishers and their harmless loves,
 The fountain-falls and rivers murm'ring sound,
 And all the treasures of their finny droves
 That in the clear flood's branchy windings sport,
 And bowery chambers of his oozy court.

The Tench, and here the speary Perch delight,
 Envermill'd all with fins of rosy red,
 And Pike enchas'd with spots of silver-white;
 Brown Grayling, and the Salmon's wand'ring
 trains,

With flaunting Trout, beset with gaudy stains,
 And Eels with pearly crests and wave-coats green.
 Nor Proteus' self, beneath his coral rock
 Rul'd fairer streams, or fed more num'rous flock—
 Me ev'ry kind amid the wat'ry float,

Familiar know, accustom'd to my call *,
 Who from my hand will take their us'd repast—
 Woe's me !- what bitter griefs my life enthrall.
 Whilom all pleasure did my mind entrance,
 The noon-tide song, the ev'ning's mirthful dance,
 Or on the lea the sporting Fish to note ;

For

NOTES.

* *Pliny* writes of Fish that would appear when called by their particular names. An honest gentleman of great veracity and credit has reported, that Carp would repair to some parts of a pond, where they have been used to be fed, at the sound of a drum or ringing of a bell. *Martial*, Lib. iv. *Epig.* 30. confirms *Pliny's* assertion, speaking of the Emperor's Fish-Ponds.

Piscator, fuge, ne nocens recedas.
Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ,
Qui norunt Dominum, Manumque lambunt
Illam -- -- --
Quid quod Nomen habent, et ad Magistri
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus.

Rash Angler, here thy guilty sport forbear,
 These finny Natives are a Monarch's care ;
 The gentle kind obey his known command,
 And feed familiar from his sporting hand ;
 Each has his name, which, severally, they hear,
 And to their owner's summons straight appear.

For Otter-Foes the weedy spell * to set,
 To bait the hooks, and spread the tangling net;
 Or with my small oar drive my rushy boat.
 —Now never more shall mirth and mixt delight
 With dalliance free my easy hours deceive,
 The song at noon, the dance at leisure eve,
 Or fish disporting on the wat'ry lea,
 To feed my fry and watch their haunts by night,
 Or drive my rush-boat with my slender oar,
 The hooks to bait, to spread the tangling net,
 Or weedy spells for Otter-Foes to set,
 Past mirth and usual sports can please no more.

ALL as a Swain, who scorch'd with summer-
 heat,
 Seeks the kind stream of some cool river clear;

NOTES.

* The Herb *Benione* hung near the Otter's haunts, is thought to drive him away; the sense of this Creature being so very exquisite, that, if we may credit *Gesner*, he can smell a fish forty furlongs in the water. See more in Note Eclogue III.

If chance, the flow of limpid brook he meet
 With bord'ring shade, and waters murm'ring sweet,
 Where shining pebbles thro' the waves appear,
 Leaps in, and thinks the treach'rous bottom near,
 But finds no rest for his deluded feet ;
 So I, by Love betray'd and Fortune crost,
 Trust to her charms, and in the snare am lost.

Yet nought knew I her smiles such woe foretold,
 Or that such falsehood wore such fair array.
 When ruddy Wincopipes * their leaves unfold,
 They sure betide the swain a sunny day ;
 Black clouds the rain, and shades the night foreflew ;
 Ah ! now I read my hapless doom too true :
 For, as I late fresh flow'rs in garlands bound
 For thy unwilling brows ; from left-hand groves,
 Thrice croak'd th' ill-boding crow with luckless
 found,
 And every tree betray'd our dying loves.

This

NOTES.

* A small flower with red leaves, mentioned by Sir Francis Bacon in his Natural History, which if it open in the morning is taken for a sign of fair weather.

This elm so strait, on which I grav'd my name,
 And on his circling ivy mark'd out thine,
 Now with'ring hangs his head, now drops his leaves,
 And in his ash-pale trunk his sick arms folds;
 Yet still the ivy green her freshness holds,
 Nor from her husband's grief wan change receives;
 Too sure you do our destinies divine,
 For such her ease, and such disquiet mine.

See! from the cottage tops the curling smoke
 Of ev'ning fires enwreaths the quiet air,
 While labour'd hinds expecting supper food,
 At ease are set beneath the broad-seer-oak,
 Or vacant sport with many a free-nymph fair;
 The kine unyok'd o'er their graz'd pastures brood,
 And sheep bleat low within their wicker cotes,
 All with the setting sun make haste to rest;
 Ah! can he leave me only thus unblest!
 No blith-birds-ditties thro' the still-wood ring,
 Save where the Nightingale with solemn notes,

68 RENOCK's DESPAIR. ECL. V.

Charms the late eve from her nigh willow bough,
 Me, near resembling in her plight distressed,
 And much too like, alas ! our hard fates now,
 While our sad loves all night we darkling sing.
 Mean time to the merk gloom trip fast along
 The wood-nymph bevy and swart fairy bands,
 And the elf-urchin throng,
 With each drear shape that lives in mildew blight,
 And ev'ry blue fog of the spongy air,
 Oft do I view 'em from the hilly lands
 Ere the fled Cock rings his shrill matin clear,
 Or toiling Hind loath leaves his dawn-woke dream ;
 But death shall finish soon my woe severe,
 And gently lead me with his kind cold hand ;
 Nor shall I long without a grave be laid,
 The birds I know will spread a friendly shade ;
 The little Robin, with a decent care,
 Shall in his beak the leafy cov'ring bear,
 With kind regard and piteous plaint, shall strew
 The mournful willow and deep-shading yew ;

There

There ev'ry eve the Nightingale forlorn,
 Shall sadly to the neighb'ring echo mourn.
 —Ye Fisher-Swains and River-Maids adieu,
 And all ye finny droves, a long farewell:
 I go, your pleasures never more to view,
 Never, O never shall we meet anew—
 Ah me! that screaming Raven rung my knell!
 I'll to some steepy cliff transport me strait,
 And from its height my hated body throw,
 Or in the floods deep-down convey my woes,
 Or on some tree suspend my wretched weight,
 For never can I bear such cruel fate.
 Yet shall my ghost not rest, at midnight still
 With loud lament the lonely groves I'll fill;
 The lonely groves, and you where'er you lie,
 Deep vales and ev'ry river-skirting hill,
 Hear and be witness true;
 Ye pearly springs and falling fountains blue,
 Ah! witness how for STELLA's scorn I die.

So up he rose him by the moon-beams pale,
 While the hoarse flood kept moan and echoing night,

70 RENOCK'S DESPAIR. ECL. V.

His steps fast bending to the wat'ry dale.

And now the morn with streaks of saffron light

'Gan flow on the tipt mountain's brow to play,

And the prime lark sung out her sprightly lay,

And noon had brought her mirthful hour of day,

Yet nought might him to gentle peace excite :

Till, with unwilling sleep, he sunk oppress—

Cease my rude pipe thy strain, and let him sweetly
rest.



ECLOGUE VI.

THE ANGLERS SONGS.



THE ARGUMENT.

MYRTOL and THELGON, desired by a Fellow-Swain to sing, alternately, recite several short and hasty Ditties on Subjects which seem to occur most sudden and accidental without Order or Design; the last of each, in some Sort, being a Second or Counter-Part to that recited by his Companion; chiefly descriptive, and briefly relating to the Nature and Breed of Fish, their Haunts and Feeding, with other intermingled rustic Reflections of a Piscatory Kind. Which done, they are severally commended, and rewarded for their Skill; and so friendly depart.

ECLOGUE VI.
THE ANGLERS SONGS.

ALBIO. MYRTOL. THELGON.

ALBIO.

SING, MYRTOL, skilfull'st deem'd of Fisher-
Swains,

And THELGON next supply alternate strains;
In matchless lays your matchless voices try,
Sing, MYRTOL, first, the *Angler* will reply;
To him by right the leading strains belong,
With art can THELGON fit his under-song.

MYRTOL.

Me, dappled *Trout* in crystal floods delight,
And wiley *Carp*, with golden scales bedight.

By

74 THE ANGLERS SONGS. ECL. VI.

By murm'ring streams (sweet are the murm'ring
streams)

Loves my blithe Muse to chaunt her rural themes !
The softest echo there, the freshest breeze,
The singing Swain, and noon-spent *Angler* please.

THELGON.

Sweet are the murm'ring streams—'tis sweet to
dwell

Where hilly woods furround my lonely cell ;
A sunny garden decks its little fides,
Soft by whose skirts the pearly *Medway* glides ;
Here hony'd woodbines bloom, a native bow'r,
And herbs of ev'ry leaf and ev'ry flow'r.

MYRTOL.

O, LALAGUNE, unquiet seas forsake,
And here with me a milder dwelling make.
What sport can'st thou pursue, what pleasure find
On rugged rocks and seas deform'd with wind ?

ECL. VI. THE ANGLERS SONGS. 75

Along the main no more thy nets expand,
Nor seek forsaken shell-fish in the sand.
On the raw beech or craggy cliff he dwells,
And sleeps on sea-weeds or th' updriven shells.
Lo! *Salmon* now the springs of rivers seek,
And *Pike* for Frogs explore the streighten'd creek †;
Now *Carp* their spawn repose on sedge weeds ‡,
And here the *Trout* frequents and *Grayling* breeds.

NOTES.

† *Pike* frequently are taken in *February* or *March* in large ditches and creeks, where they roam up to spawn, and fatten themselves with Frogs.

‡ *Janus Dubravius*, a *Bohemian* Bishop, See Note, Eclogue IX. in his *Discourse of Fish and Fish-Ponds*, gives this account of the generating of *Carp*. “ In summer three or four males will chase a female through weeds and flaggs, where she drops her spawn that there cleaves fast, and they leave their milt upon it that in a short time become living Fish. They breed, it is thought, thus several months in summer, as it is believed most Fish do in a like way, except the *Eel* that produces her brood *viviparous*, i. e. alive. When the Spawner has weakened herself by doing the natural office, it is observed,

THELGON.

Nymphs, leave your fountains; by the briny main,
 The wand'rer seek, recall th' inconstant swain:
 From shades he flies, he shuns the cool of streams,
 And deaf'ning surges lull his hardy dreams;
 Expos'd he leaves his lovely limbs resign'd
 To the fen-pestring Gnat and tanning wind.
 Tho' Canens holds thee thy untempting care,
 As Bull-heads * homely, thou than Trouts more
 fair,
 Thy lines renew, and scatter'd rods compose,
 For now the Fishers sport, and South wind blows.

NOTES.

served, two or three Milners (i. e. *Males*) help her off
 the weeds by bearing her on both sides back into the
 deeps. They begin to spawn, he says, at three years,
 and continue till thirty." *Gesner* says, in the Palatinate
 a Carp has been known to live 100 years. Though our
 Sir Francis Bacon (*Hist. of Life and Death*) thinks their
 lives exceed not ten.

* A deformed Fish so called, resembling the *Toad-Fish*.

MYRTOL.

The fearful *Cheven* * loves the shaded stream,
 Sharp rills delight the *Trout*, and pools the *Bream* †,
 In deeps the speckled *Samlet* ‡ loves to rove,
 And marly Swifts allure the *Barbel* drove § ;

Un-

NOTES.

* The *Cheven* or *Chub* is so timorous, he will sink to the bottom if a Bird flies over and makes the least shadow in the water, but will presently rise again. They harbour under weeds, roots of trees, or places where there is any cover of the river.

† Ponds agree best with them, where, if they like the air and water, they will over-breed so as to endanger starving the other Fish.

‡ *Samlets* feed like the *Trout*, but never stay long in a place as that does ; but love to rove nearer and nearer to the spring head, not harbouring near the banks or roots of trees, but always swim in the deepest and broadest streams, generally in the middle and near the ground.

§ Named (*Gesner* says) from the barbs or wattles at his mouth. They flock together like sheep, in summer they delight in the sharpest and swiftest shallows, particularly on gravel against a rising ground, where they will root and dig holes like a *Hog*, and nest themselves.

78 THE ANGLERS SONGS. ECL. VI.

Unwary *Roach* * the sandy bottom chuse,
And *Carp* † the weeds, and *Eels* ‡ the muddy ooze.

THELGON.

Whilom the Trout was wont to yield delight,
Once could the Umber, once the Tench invite,
The wattled Barbel erst my choice posselt,
And lordly Pike deserv'd my chief request;
Now all must to the shapely *Dare* give place,
My only choice, for *Ægle* loves the Dace.

NOTES.

* As the *Carp* is named the *River-Fox* for his cunning, so the *Roach* is the *River-Sheep* for his simplicity. Their haunts are near the piles of bridges and weires, on hard sandy shelves in the deepest stillest waters.

† Both *Carp* and *Tench* love weeds. In the hot months they will eagerly devour grass, growing or thrown into the water.

‡ They love this more than any fresh-water Fish, where they bed, seldom stirring (the large ones) in the day, except in rain or violent land-floods, or the noise of thunder.

ECL. VI. THE ANGLERS SONGS. 79

MYRTOL.

Ho, Boys! that gather flow'rs, your footsteps
 heed,
Nor near the banks your roam, too vent'rous lead;
Unsafe when drouhty summers chap their veins,
Or when they sink, deep-sapp'd with mould'ring
 rains.

THELGON.

Leave nibbling, Minnows, leave the dang'rous
 snare,
Ye worthless tribe the guileful bait beware;
Nor trust the raven Trout * while here you rove,
Hence from his haunts, and seek the safer drove.

NOTES.

* Pike, Perch and Eel prey on Minnows, but none so much as Trout. One hundred and sixty, WALTON says, were taken out of one Trout, that he had devoured at a time. *Compl. Ang.* p. 84, 8th Edit.

80 THE ANGLERS SONGS. ECL. VI.

MYRTOL.

Say, can'st thou tell where Eels in winter hide *,
 Or where the Swallow's vagrant race reside §,
 How Salmon, yearly guest, th' accustom'd main †,
 Or wint'ry Frogs ‡ their foodless kinds sustain ?

NOTES.

* *Eels* of all Fish are impatient of cold, though they live a week out of water in warm weather. The six cold months they feed not nor stir, but bed themselves many together in the soft mud. In the severe winter of 1125, as *Gesner* cites from *Albertus*, several were found sheltered in a stack of hay.

§ Their migration is thought a mistake, many have been found sleeping the winter in chimnies, holes of trees, and cliffs of rocks under water. The story of the Cornish Fisherman, reported by Dr. FRY of Oxford, gives proof of this: Quoted by Mr. DERHAM, Phys. Theol. B. vii. Cap. i. Notes (*m*) (*d*). OLAUS MAG. and ETMULLER agree in their inhabiting the waters; and Mr. SANDYS (Com. on the 13th Book of Ovid's *Metam.*) observes, it is usual in Germany to drag them out of ponds with fish in winter. Dr. COLAS gave several such confirmations, April 12, 1722, to the *Royal Society*, noted in their Transactions.

† Eclogue IV. p. 53.

‡ The paddock, or great land-frog, has his mouth closed from August to the middle of April. That divers
 other

ECL. VI. THE ANGLERS SONGS. 81

T H E L G O N.

Say, can'st thou tell how worms of moisture
breed,
Or Pike are gender'd of the Pick'rel-Weed,
How Carp without the Parent-Kinds renew,
Or slimy Eels are form'd of genial dew?

M Y R T O L.

Rash, little Perch, too heedless of thy fate,
What frenzy urg'd to try the flatt'ring bait,
But safe return—and when of apter size,
See thou reward my care, a worthier prize.

T H E L G O N.

Feed, Gudgeon, on the pebbly scower secure,
Nor fear th' impris'ning net, or treach'rous lure,

N O T E S.

other creatures sleep or pass the winter without any visible sustenance, is highly probable from several animals, *Hornets*, *Bees*, *Wasps*, *Vespæ-Ichneumons*, and, it is thought, most of the tribes of insects.

82 THE ANGLERS SONGS. ECL. VI.

For rising Trout the barby hook I tie,
Lengthen the rod, and fix th' enveigling Fly.

MYRTOL.

I hate the greedy Stickleback *, they spoil
The bait, yet ne'er reward the Fisher's toil.

THELGON.

I hate the Fordich Trout †—they, eying, wait
The moving Fly, yet ne'er devour the bait.

NOTES.

* A little diminutive Fish fenced about with prickles, good for nothing, WALTON says, but to divert Boys and Women-Anglers and feed other Fish, as Trouts particularly, who will bite at him he says better than a Minnow. *Comp. Angl. p. 213. 8th Edit.*

† These are found for about three months in the river *Stoure* near *Canterbury*, where they retire from sea, observing (almost) their day every season of coming to that river. They live, to appearance, without food during their stay: (Several curious men having opened them could find nothing to satisfy their enquiry); though probably on small Flies they catch imperceptibly. None are known to be taken with an angle except one by Sir G. HASTINGS, which he told Mr. WALTON he thought bit not for hunger but wantonness. *Comp. Angl. p. 54. 8th Edit.*

MYRTOL.

Frogs to the Carp a fearful ruin prove *,
And Pike are dreaded by the weaker drove ;
Devouring Eels affright the lesser swarm,
And me PHILONDA's deadly frowns alarm.

THELGON.

The Fly to Trouts, to Bream the wormy snare
Are strong allurements, Gentles to the Dare,
The Cheven to the Cadew-bait is prone,
And fair LYCISCA is my choice alone.

NOTES.

* Carp are frequently destroyed by Frogs in a manner not to be credited if proofs did not confirm it. (See the *Comp. Angl.* p. 144. 8th Edit.) Ponds plentifully stored have in a few years been left entirely destitute, the Frog cleaving to the head of the Fish as not to be got off but by extreme force or killing, till he has weakened and devoured him. This is not stranger than of whole cities and countries depopulated by them, as of their driving the Abderites out of their country, planted by Cassander in Macedon ; depopulating a city in France ; as they are now a most pestering plague to Virginia in summer ; and of their destroying the *Pike*, their mortal enemy : a well-attested story of which is given in *Note* Eclogue IX.

84 THE ANGLERS SONGS. ECL. VI.

ALBIO.

This Skin all spotted, of a lovely hue,
Unwrought with art, and from the shearers new,
A scrip for youthful MELIBŒUS made,
And not unuseful for the Fisher's trade,
O MYRTOL, take—the present I resign.
These hooks, O THELGON, and this pipe be thine;
Of equal price—both equals in your art—
But low'ry evening warns us to depart.
Nor long the cautious finger shou'd be laid
Beneath the walnut, an unwholesome shade*;
The silver streams grow blacker to the sight,
And groves and meadows lose their green in night,
From reeking floods obscuring mists diffuse,
And chilly air is full of hov'ring dews.

NOTES.

* Suspected to cause hoarseness, and have the same ill quality with *Virgil's* Juniper.



ECLOGUE VII.

THE STRIFE.

To the Honourable Mrs. BLADEN.



G 3

THE ARGUMENT.

Clorin, a pleasant Shepherd, lighting on the Fisher Comus, they fall into a rallying Vein, which brings on a Challenge of Singing. Algon, an aged Angler, is made Umpire, who modestly pleads his Unfitness, yet proposes each should chuse his Subject in Honour of his different Employment.—Clorin, in Compliment to Pan, relates the Story of Pytis, a Nymph beloved by him (to avoid the Rage of Boreas, her slighted Lover) changed into the Pine-Tree, which is said to weep when the North-Wind blows, with the Boughs of which Pan crowns himself. Comus, in Turn, (from the Severn by which they are sitting) sings the Metamorphosis of Sabrina drowned in that Stream, supposed from her to receive its Name.—The Fable of Pytis, though furnished with as beautiful Incidents as any in the Poets, is not to be met with in Ovid or others, ancient or modern; which makes it new in its Kind, and occasioned the selecting it for this Eclogue.—The Story of Sabrina is differently related from Geoffry of Monmouth, and other credulous Writers; but the Whole being suspected, gives Liberty to improve and soften the Fable.

ECLOGUE VII.

THE STRIFE.

CLORIN. COMUS. ALGON.

WITH Pride untainted, tho' in Rank elate,
Not more by Honours than by Merit great,
Shall BLADEN, worthy of sublimer strains,
The mild contention hear of friendly Swains?
Bold is the hope, unequal are the lays,
Yet apt the theme, a gentle *Strife* for Praise.

CLORIN.

Ho Fisher! so intent on finny spoil,
Hast caught my straggling *Wether* in thy toil?

COMUS.

Love-Loiterer, ever from thy charge away;
Well like the roving Swain his flock may stray.

CLORIN.

You grudge my happy lot, and envying pine,
Because the Nymphs prefer my Songs to thine.

COMUS.

I envy? whom the Shepherd-boys excel!
DROMIO, the Dolt, can chaunt it, full as well.

CLORIN.

Since leisure is such pleasing strife to try,
And since our wishes with the place comply,
Begin—You, ALGON, our performance weigh:
Judge right, and to the victor yield the day.

ALGON.

Hard office, courteous Shepherd, you enjoin,
Ill trusted to unskilful ear like mine,
Unapt and new to judge such learn'd debate;
But if from me the wish'd aproof you wait,
Begin: In Shepherds honour tune your lays,
And, COMUS, carol thou the Fisher's praise.

CLORIN.

Me, PAN, assist : If ever on the plains
My pipe was pleasing, or approv'd my strains,
Be present now ; and O thy succours bring,
While of thy Love, and PYTIS' Fate I sing !

The gentle Maid was of the Sylvan race,
Bred to the pliant bow and active chace,
No herd attended she, no woolly care,
Nor haunted stream nor flow'ry pasture fair ;
The gloom of woods she sought, and forests wild,
And with her sports the lonely hours beguil'd ;
Yet for her beauty num'rous lovers strove,
Her beauty form'd to raise resistless love ;
The Fawns and Demi-Gods of ev'ry shade,
With vows besought the unattentive Maid ;
The Satyrs at the noon-tide hour wou'd haste,
And mingled viands bear to sooth her taste ;
The bloomy bow'rs, and pearly springs explore,
And climb the groves to reach their choicest store ;

For

For her the River Deities complain,
And ev'ry drooping Genius sigh'd in vain.

Ye Graces aid, ye Muses tune my Tongue,
Thou PAN be present, and assist my Song.

PAN only the relenting Fair possess'd,
Desir'd, and was with equal fondness bless'd ;
Tho' BOREAS, raging with enamour'd smart,
Sought the coy Nymph with ev'ry wooing art,
Oft would he watch her where she sleeping lay,
And with her neck and downy bosom play ;
Oft in the chace attend the flying Fair,
And waft her robes, and revel in her hair ;
No winters brooded on his alter'd wing,
Serene and breezy as the breath of spring ;
Yet she, averse, his fond addresses flew,
And still in ev'ry shape her Lover knew ;
Whether with Zephyr's milder look he blooms,
A Satyr's borrow'd form, or PAN's assumes,
Whate'er disguise the apt Deceiver wears,
She still discerns him and eludes his snares.

Ye Graces aid, ye Muses tune my Tongue,
Thou PAN be present, and assist my Song.

Deep in Arcadian vales a forest grows,
Whose blended shade indulgent gloom bestows,
No axe did e'er the sacred verdure wound,
Or mortal foot impress the hallow'd ground.
Hither the Maid was wonted to retreat
When tir'd with hunting, or the mid-day heat,
And now, as us'd, the inmost bow'r she chose;
When from its shade th' inambush'd Form arose,
Nor knew she yet but PAN's approach she hears,
And such he now thro' all his shape appears;
His step he well disssembled as he came,
His gesture, voice, and ev'ry look the same.

Ye Graces aid, ye Muses tune my Tongue,
Thou PAN be present, and assist my Song.

Eager to meet the willing Maid he flies,
When strait th' impostor Lover she descries;
Struggling she seeks to shun his close embrace,
And in her bosom hides her fearful face.

Enrag'd to find his utmost art's betray'd,
And wild to lose the half-surrender'd Maid,
" Ungrateful Fair, at length be taught (he cries)
" How great a Pow'r thy partial thoughts despise."
Nor longer now the dreary fight conceals,
But all the terror of his form reveals.

Ye Graces aid, ye Muses tune my Tongue,
Thou PAN be present, and assist my Song.

Unshapen mists his hoary visage veil,
And frosts his temples shrowd and bleaky hail.
Rough icicles his forky brows compose,
His hairs and grisly beard descend with snows.
Thrice with disorder'd steps he stalks around,
And trail'd his dusky mantle o'er the ground,
With horrid plumes his footy pinions wave,
The blast re-echoes far from ev'ry cave.

Ye Graces aid, ye Muses tune my Tongue,
Thou PAN be present, and assist my Song.

Scar'd with the hideous sound and glaring view,
Swift from *Eurota's* trembling banks she flew,

O'er

O'er grovy *Menalus* now urg'd her flight,
And cold *Lyceus* past thy tow'ry height;
Nemæan shades and tall *Cyllene* views,
Fast as she flies the wingy Form pursues.
Steep *Nonacrine* and low *Cytheron* gain'd,
And *Helicon*'s aspiring brow attain'd,
Thro' *Panope* her hast'ning course she led,
And *Oeta* past, and *Pindus*' hilly head,
When last to *Boreas* frozen cliffs she came,
(The ill-fam'd mount from him receiv'd its name)
Fainting with toils, the woe-bewander'd maid,
Thus, to the Nymphs in broken murmurs pray'd:
" Ye Pow'rs ! who here eternal honours know,
" O Sisters, conscious of my Virgin woe,
" Receive me pitying to your vestal train,
" And in your timely aid prevent my pain."
She ceas'd, for mov'd by her inclement grief,
The *Dryades* present the wish'd relief,
Her stiff'ning limbs their pliant use refuse,
And now her feet the pow'r of motion lose;

A spreading bole her hard'ning trunk receives,
 Her head and branching arms distend with leaves ;
 Yet still she bears her Ravisher in mind,
 And weeps whene'er she feels his dreaded wind.
 PAN mourns her loss, and in return is seen
 To bind his temples with her wreathy green :
 Cease Graces now, cease Muse to tune my Tongue,
 Thou PAN be absent, and be mute my Song.

COMUS.

Of the smooth *Severn* I a lay rehearse,
 And call the wave-rob'd Goddesses to my verse.
 Ye vales, ye rocks, ye caves your echoes bring,
 And thou, *SABRINA*, listen while I sing.

NOTES.

Part of this *Eclogue* containing the names and some descriptive Passages of several *English* Rivers, some of which are less generally known ; it was thought, a few notes, where the subject in itself is engaging, and employed on so pleasant a part of the Natural History of our own country, would not be unentertaining to any Readers.

The

The *Severn* from the Virgin SABRA * came,
 From the fair Nymph the flood deriv'd its name;
 A *Nais* she, whom on the *Cambrian* shore,
 A Mountain-votary to *Neptune* bore.

NOTES.

* The *Severn* is named by our Historians (fabulously as *Camden* thinks) from *Sabrina*, *Sabra*, or *Abren*, a beautiful lady inhumanly drown'd there.

——— *In flumen præcipitatur Abren.*

*Nomen Abren fluvio de Virgine ; nomen eidem,
 Nomine corrupto, deinde Sabrina datur.*

Headlong was *Abren* thrown into the stream,
 And hence the River took the virgin's name,
 Corrupted thence *Sabrina*, last became.

}

And *Milton* thus, as to the fact,

——— *Severn* swift, guilty of virgin's death.

This River is the second in rank throughout *Britain*, its head is in *Plymllimon-Hill* in *North-Wales*; beneath *Gloucester*, it forms itself into a noble and spacious æstuary, in its widest part fifteen miles over, and enters at last the *Irish* sea. It is worth remarking of this River, that one year the tides are larger at full moon, the next at the change: one year the night-tides are largest, the other the day-tides. *Camden's Britan. in the Addit. to Gloucestershire.*

No Pow'r was yet with her alliance grac'd,
 No am'rous flood her Virgin Spring embrac'd,
 Recluse and coy she shun'd the genial fire,
 And oft would to bewilder'd shades retire;
 Or take o'er steepy rocks a dangerous way,
 Or with her kindred Springs delight to play:
 Yet distant floods had heard her beauty's fame,
 And in disorder'd sighs confess'd their flame.

Ye vales, ye rocks, ye caves your echoes bring,
 And thou, SABRINA, listen while I sing.

For her imperial *Thames* * was said to pine,
 And first bedew his waves with Ocean brine.

The

NOTES.

* *Thames*, our principal River, rises near *Torleton*, a small village by the famous *Roman-Fosse-Way*, in the south border of *Gloucestershire*, where, in antient records, (as Bishop *Gibson*'s additions to *Camden* plainly prove, *Britan.* p. 99.) it is all along called *Thames* or *Tems*, and no where *Isis*, as fictitiously imagined. See also the marriage of *Thames* and *Isis*, a poem, supposed by the Prefacer of the new Edition of *Britannia* to be written by *Camden* himself. This royal River, after a very long,
 and

The gentle *Humber* * for the proudly Fair
 Impetuous grew, transform'd by wild despair;
 Whilst rapid *Winander* †, deprest with woe,
 Droop'd at his fountains and surceas'd to flow.

Then

NOTES.

and for a great way navigable course, empties itself at *Shoebury Ness*, a little town in *Essex*, into the *German Ocean*.

* *Humber* is esteemed one of the principal Rivers of *England*, or is rather the receptacle of many deep and large Rivers which are poured here into one spacious navigable channel, its mouth being almost 7 miles broad, by which it enters the *German ocean*, with a very rapid and dangerous tide, as *Necham* an old *English* poet observes :

Fluctibus Æquoreis Nautis suspectior Humber —
Humber whom more than seas the pilots fear.

† *Winander-Meer*, in *Lancashire*, is famous for producing the *Charr*, a sort of *Golden Alpine Trout*, which has scarce a bone but on the back. This *Meer* is the largest in *England*, being ten miles in length, wonderfully deep, and smooth at the bottom as polished marble, being paved as it were with one continued pebble-rock.

Then limpid *Cam* *, 'tis told, first troubled grew,
 And with his tears distain'd his silver hue ;
 Abash'd the slighted *Mole* † his channel fled,
 And deep in earth implung'd his abject head :
 Some think his floods to lowest seas repair,
 Mix with the Ocean Nymphs and lose his care.

Ye vales, ye rocks, ye caves your echoes bring,
 And thou, *SABRINA*, listen while I sing.

The stately *Avon* ‡ woe'd th' un pitying Fair,
 And *Medway* §, Sire of Floods, and princely *Yare* ||,
 For

NOTES.

* The *Cam*, on which *Cambridge* is seated, with many pleasant windings, runs through the middle of the county, and mixes at length with the *Ouse*.

† *Mole* River in *Surry* at the foot of *Box-Hill* forces itself a passage under ground, as *Dever-ril* brook does in *Wiltshire*, and rises two miles distant at *Leatherhead*, where it spreads itself so wide as to occasion a stone bridge of several arches : It joins at last the *Thames* near *Kingston*. See the note Ecl. iv.

‡ The greater *Avon* is a noble River, rising in *Wiltshire* ; after a long course, in which it waters *Bath* and *Bristol*,

For him two Sister-Nymphs with ardour burn,
 Fair *Waveney*, rich in streams, and lovely *Thirn*,
 Incaptiv'd *Meneu* * languish'd for her charms,
 And *Trent* † to clasp her stretch'd out all his arms.

The

NOTES.

Bristol, it rushes between two perpendicular rocks, where plenty of stone like diamonds, named *Bristol-stones*, are gathered, and with a strong stream discharges itself into the *Severn* sea.

§ *Medway* rises in the weald or woody part of *Kent*, and is the parent of many Rivers; in five streams it surrounds *Tunbridge*, and at *Rocheſter* is so large as to be the bed of the Royal Navy, and having formed the isle of *Sheppey*, falls into the ocean by two mouths, above 8 miles distant from each other.

|| *Yare* is a fine and navigable river; it rises near *Hingham* in *Norfolk*, running by *Norwich*, below which it takes in the *Waveney*, another navigable stream, and near *Yarmouth* the *Thirn*, where it spreads itself into an harbour opening to the *German* Ocean.

* *Meneu* or *Menai* is a frith, or arm of the sea, which parts the island of *Angleſea*, the seat of the antient *Druids*, from the continent of *North-Wales*.

† *Trent* is said to have thirty arms, from his receiving so many rivers into him. Thus *Milton*,

The age-bent *Ouse* * an am'rous heat inflames,
And *Mersey* † pride of fair *Cornavian* streams,

Her,

NOTES.

— *Trent* who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
His thirty arms along th' indented meads.

Whence the name *Trent* from *Trente*, thirty, some say, is derived, though denied by *Camden*. It is the third best river in our Island, rising by *Mowcon Hill* near *Cheshire*, and after a long passage, augmented by many streams, losing itself in the great æstuary of *Humber*.

* *Ouse the Great*, by *Bobun* filed one of the largest Rivers of England, rises in *Northamptonshire* near *Brackley*, with large windings passing by *Bedford*, *Huntington*, and the island of *Ely*, at *Kings-Lynn* falls into the German Ocean; it is very remarkable that in the year 1399, which preceded the civil wars, the River *Ouse* at a place called *Harewood*, otherwise *Harold*, in *Bedfordshire*, stood still, and the stream retiring both ways left a passage on foot along the channel for three miles together; which same thing happened again, as the additions to *Camden* assert, in the year 1648.

† The head of the *Mersey* is in *Lancashire*, which county is parted by this River all the way from *Cheshire*; it opens with a spacious mouth into the sea near *Liverpoole*. The Historical and Geographical Dictionary mistakenly makes *Mersey* the mouth into which *Dee* falls, which is a distinct and distant æstuary.

Her, *Wantsum* *lov'd, and *Pant* † and fedgy *Lea* ‡,
And *Tamer* §, spreading wide from sea to sea.

Ye vales, ye rocks, ye caves your echoes bring,
And thou, *SABRINA*, listen while I sing.

H 3 Smooth

NOTES.

* *Wantsum* is a name of the River *Stour* in *Kent* (used by *Bede*) which, after it has passed *Canterbury*, divides the isle of *Thanet* from the continent, and meets the sea near *Sandwich*.

† *Pant* is the true name, as *Camden* says, of an antient River in *Essex*, now corruptly called *Froshwell*, entering *Blackwater Bay*, where our famous *Wall-fleet* oysters are got.

‡ *Lea*, or *Ley*, rises in *Hertfordshire* above *Ware*, whence entering *Essex* at *Waltham-Abbey*, it passes by *Leyton*, the antient *Dyrolitum* of *Antonine*, which word in *British* signifies the *Water of Lea*, about five miles from *London*; proved, by the antiquities found there, to have been a *Roman* station. This river is the delightful scene where the ingenious *Walton*, so often mentioned with respect, initiates his *Piscatory Scholar*, in those admired dialogues of his *Complete Angler*.

§ The *Tamer* rises in *Cornwall* near the *Irish* sea, and running quite cross that streightened part of our island, divides that country from *Devonshire*, at *Plymouth* spreading itself into the *English* channel with a very noble and capacious harbour.

Smooth *Cherwell* * drooping griev'd with inward
pain,

And slowly drew along his humid train :
Wan *Evenlode* with chalky *Kennet* mourn ;
And *Windrush* feebly tends his scanty urn ;
And pensive *Rother* † in his hopes dismay'd,
'Thro' woods his melancholy flood convey'd,
All vainly lov'd, despairing to obtain,
And with eternal murmurs shall complain.

Ye vales, ye rocks, ye caves your echoes bring,
And thou, SABRINA, listen while I sing.

Nor

NOTES.

* *Cherwell* rises in *Northamptonshire*, famous for its plenty of fish ; having joined the *Isis*, they again, dividing, encircle *Oxford*. *Evenlode* and *Windrush* are two little pleasant streams, which also mingle with the *Isis*. *Kennet* rises near a village of its own name in *Wiltshire*, it runs a great part through a rocky and chalky soil, till it enters the *Thames* near *Reading*.

† *Rother* River rises and has its course in the vast woody borders of *Sussex*, dividing it all the way from *Kent*, till it enters the sea at *Rye*, having by an inundation in 1287 had its antient mouth stopped up by the washing in of the sands, and removed from *Romney* thither.

Nor less the wat'ry Nymphs with envy pine,
 The bord'ring *Deva* *, and remoter *Tine* †;
 Fair *Solway* ‡, by contending rivals woo'd,
 And *Tweed* §, the fairest Caledonian flood,

With

NOTES.

* The famous River *Dee*, on account of its neighbourhood to *Anglesea*, the antient seat of the *Druids*, called by *Milton*, in his *Lycidas*,

Deva's Wizard Stream —————

and is said to be derived from a *British* word signifying *divine water*. It rises in *Merionethshire*, and runs through *Pemble Meer*, noted for producing the *Guiniad*, a fish of the *Alpine-Trout* kind, which feeds on small shells, and the leaves of *water-gladiol*, a plant peculiar to these mountain-lakes; and is never taken by a bait, but in nets. The mouth of this River is near *Chester*, where it gradually enlarges itself into the *Irish sea*.

† *Tine* is a river of *Northumberland*, on which is seated *Newcastle*, famous for its coal-pits. At *Tinmouth*, where this River has its influx into the *German ocean*, it affords a very deep and safe haven.

‡ *Solway* is a frith or arm of the sea, in *Cumberland* near *Scotland*, principally the mouth of *Eden River*, and

With languid looks their sickly streams appear,
Nor can their charms nor num'rous lovers chear;
A jealous pain the haughty *Isis* * wrings,
And proud *Aufona* † wept from all her springs.

Ye

NOTES.

receives a numerous train of other Rivers, which here in one united stream make their way into the *Irish* sea.

§ *Tweed* rises in the *Scottish* mountains, and was of antient time the boundary of the two kingdoms. With a very large and full stream it runs to *Berwick*, the last Town in *England*, and from thence directly into the *German* ocean.

* *Isis* is the same River with *Thames*, (See note, p. 96) though the poets usually distinguish them, calling the River, *Isis*, till it arrives at *Dorchester* below *Oxford*.

† *Aufona*, now the River *Nen*, famous for many *Roman* antiquities, springs in *Northamptonshire*, and runs with many extravagant windings. Where it enters the fens below *Peterborough*, it grows too mighty for its channel, and far and near overspreads the country, so that it seems like a vast level ocean, with here and there an island appearing, till it discharges itself into the sea near the borders of *Cambridgeshire*. This *Nen*, or *Aufona*, to the east, with the western *Aufona*, or *Avon*, which runs by *Warwick* to *Severn*, with their streams entirely cross our island.

Ye vales, ye rocks, ye caves your echoes bring,
And thou, SABRINA, listen while I sing.

But now predestin'd to enjoy her charms,
(And opportunely guided to his arms)
The neighb'ring flood as on his banks she play'd,
Beheld, and strait surpriz'd th' unwary maid :
In vain, alas ! from strife she hopes escape,
Weaker by fears she but assists the rape.

“ Illustrious SABRA, royal-born (he cries)
“ What causeless woes thy heavy heart surprize ?
“ No falsehood I, nor guilty force design,
“ My plighted vows receive—be ever mine ;
“ A hundred smiling Nymphs my flood obey,
“ And wait thy reign, and court thy milder sway ;
“ Be these thy dow'r ; and to appease thy shame,
“ My grateful stream shall ever bear thy name.”

His brow he rais'd with rusky fillets crown'd,
And swore, and call'd the gath'ring floods around.

Ye vales, ye rocks, ye caves your echoes bring,
And thou, SABRINA, listen while I sing.

First aged *Isca* * came with fault'ring pace,
 And *Pedred* † sprung of *Ivel*'s kingly race;
 A dropping wreath of Water-Thyme he wore,
 And smiling *Munnow* ‡ came with youthful *Dore*.

Next

NOTES.

* The rivers hereafter mentioned, all border on and communicate with the *Severn*. The antient *Isca*, now *Usk*, runs through the middle of *Monmouthshire* by several famous *Roman* stations, particularly by a ruined place bearing its own name *Isca*, once a large splendid city: a very grand account of which is given by *Giraldus*, *Temp. Hen. 2. Britann.* p. 600. At *Newport*, *Usk* or *Isca*, has its influx into *Severn*.

† *Pedred* is the River *Parret* in *Somersetshire*, which increasing itself by the confluence of the *Ivel*, there robs it of its name, and runs by several places of venerable antiquity, among which is the famous monastery of *Glaffenbury*; at last it falls into *Severn*-mouth with a very wide opening, by *Ptolomy* called the æstuary of *Uzella*.

‡ The River *Munnow* rises in *Hatterill Hills* in *South-Wales*; in its course it receives the *Dore*, running through the midst of the *Golden Vale*, a place encompassed on both sides with hills, clothed very pleasantly with woods, under which lie corn-fields, and beneath these lovely meadows. Here antiently was a fine monastery, wherein most

Next *Frome* * with roving *Vaga* near ally'd,
Who pours from downright cliffs his wanton tide,
And ev'ry summon'd flood attendant came,
Approv'd her honours, and confirm'd her name:
Down to his court the Bridal Pair they led,
And join'd the Lovers in the nuptial bed.

SABRINA cease thy list'ning flood to bring,
And echo cease, and let me cease to sing.

ALGON.

Both merit praise, and much reward is due,
To CLORIN much, and COMUS much to you.

But

NOTES.

of the nobility and gentry of those parts lie buried; this River, in its way to the *Severn*, loses itself in the *Wye* near *Monmouth*.

* *Frome* is a little pleasant stream of *Herefordshire*, uniting itself to the noble River *Vaga*, or *Wye*; the spring of *Wey* is in *Plymllimon Hill*, near the head of *Severn*, whence flowing with vast and frequent windings and indentings, falling in its way over very steep and lofty rocks, it again meets the *Severn*, now become a sea, into which it issues at *Chepstow*.

But of your strife the doubtful claim suspend,
Till abler ears more couth attention lend;
The herd-grooms shortly to the banks will bring
Their droves, and you repeated lays may sing;
While I my Angle for the stream repair,
And list'ning, ply anew my *Fisher-Care*.



ECLOGUE VIII.

THE FOWLERS.

To the Right Honourable LADY TALBOT.



THE ARGUMENT.

Two Swains, who are exercised in Birding, while they are watching their Nets amuse themselves with repeating each a Song.—The first recites a Kind of Magical Incantation, supposed to have been used by a slighted Shepherdess to regain her absent Lover, who had forsaken her.—His Companion entertains him with a Sort of condoling Sonnet that had been made on the unhappy Passion and Despair of an unfortunate Friend. This Eclogue, it will be easily observed, consists of different Characters from the Rest, and was designedly introduced, consistent with the Plan, as a Trial how a Subject of this new and unattempted Nature might be intermixed with the Pastoral Kind.



ECLOGUE VIII.

THE FOWLERS.

THYRSIL. LANERET.

IF in thy bright, tho' less exalted sphere,
My youthful Verse has won thy gentle ear;
While higher rais'd, more influence to dispense,
Thy Sex's charms, improv'd by manly sense;
O! of thy gracing smile ambitious long,
Will fav'ring TALBOT hear my riper Song?

Two *Fowlers* met beneath a fragrant shade,
Which the close boughs of blooming hawthorn
made:

'Twas early dawn, when yet the glimm'ring light
But dimly pierc'd the scatt'ring brown of night.
Now while their nets were spread along the mead,
Ere yet the gath'ring covey came to feed,

The

The listless Swains the fav'ring leisure chuse,
 Responsively to tune the rural Muse :
 Scorn'd MELITE's enchanting pow'r they tell,
 And how the love-despairing NISUS fell ;
 Of ASTRIL had they learn'd the melting strain,
 By turns they listen, and by turns complain.

LANERET.

Forfaken MELITE's unruly smart,
 O THYRSIL, hear ! and what her spelly art—
 Still, cruel Boy, must I thy scorn upbraid,
 And own in vain a passion unrepay'd ?
 Nor pray'rs he hears, nor vows his breast assail :
 Begin my Rites—ye magic Rites prevail.

Inconstant Moon, fair Wand'rer, change his
 mind,

Or make me scorn, or make my Tyrant kind.

This Coronal my drooping brows shall shade,
 Of Laurel, Yew, and budding Vervain made,
 A triple mixture ; thrice I turn around,
 Thrice rake the fires, and sprinkle thrice the ground.

Un-

ECL. VIII. THE FOWLERS. 113

Uneven measures bind the mazy charm,
And frozen breasts of icy hate disarm.

Inconstant Moon, fair Wand'rer, change his
mind,

Or make me scorn, or make my Tyrant kind.

GALESSA, bring the bowl; this Swallow's heart,
All warm, I to the mingled draught impart,
Of potent use his wayward mind to turn;
And add this Sparrow's gore to make him burn.
Judge, Maid, if needless is my wakeful care,
For me he flights, and mocks my fond despair:
Nine tedious days has he my sight forbore,
And will revisit MELITE no more.

In shades remote he wears his hours away,
To watch his Nets and call the feath'ry prey.
Ye Birds of Air, his treach'rous call despise!
Fly his false snare, as me the Charmer flies.

Inconstant Moon, fair Wand'rer, change his
mind,

Or make me scorn, or make my Tyrant kind.

I

With

With Birds of Night I brim the *Spel*-fill'd Bowl,
 The *Batt* obscene, and day-detering Owl.
 Night drowns remembrance in forgetful shades,
 Night the love-troubled mind to rest persuades.
 The sufferer's woes, and maids that pining weep,
 She soothes in silence, and relieves in sleep.

Inconstant Moon, fair Wand'rer, change his
 mind,
 Or make me scorn, or make my Tyrant kind.

In woods the curring *Nightingale* is found,
Larks love the meads, and *Quails* the corny ground,
 The *Throstle* to the ferny heath is true,
 And *Swans* to floods, and MELITE to you.
 See how the swarming *Rooks* for flight prepare,
 Their croaks, and black'ning pinions found in air;
 A fav'ring sign! and see, my Swain returns,
 He melts, he murmurs, and with Love he burns.

Fair Moon, my dear, my faithless Wand'rer
 bind,

And fix my heart, and make him ever kind.

THYRSIL.

Sweet flows the Verse, as is the theme it paints;
Grief saddens mine; to me the mournful plaints,
The mournful plaints for NISUS' fate belong—
Alternate Muses smile on THYRSIL's Song!

O PHYLLA, as the cooing *Turtle* fair,
And slow as the unpitying *Hawk* to spare;
Subtle as *Water-Fowl*, unfix'd as *Wind*,
And fullen, as the *Nightingale* confin'd!
Yet, make thy NISUS of thy charms possess'd,
Chear thy brown Love, and heal his bleeding breast.
What tho' the sun-burnt Swain, in summer fields,
To the hot air his prideless beauty yields,
While to his Springes he allures the prize;
Slight not his colour, nor his flame despise.
How aptly, beauteous Maid, might you unite
His Sallow, graceful to thy purer White.
Pale Willows, by the Elm, are fairer seen,
The lighter heighten'd by the deeper green;

And Alders in the forest lovelier shew,

When wedded to the Hazel's duskier hue.—

My voice, my reed, shall in their turns complain;

Here mix, my moving Pipe, thy sweetly mourn-
ful strain.

Who knows like him the wheaten straws to lime?

Or differing notes of various birds to chime*?

When best to climb for nests the leafy grove?

Or drive in stubble-lands the *Pheasant* drove †?

How to his nets the running *Powts* to guide?

Or plant his Trammels ‡ by the river side?

NOTES.

* By understanding the different (Male and Female) notes of Birds, the *Fowler* by calling and answering may allure them to his nets.

† By the help of a few piled ozers twisted, called a Driver, gently raked on the ground, and keeping out of sight, young Pheasants or Powts are driven into the net.

‡ Trammels, a kind of Water-Nets, are placed about a foot under water for all kind of River-Fowl.

By

ECL. VIII. THE FOWLERS. 117

By thee, when dar'd the wasteful *Hern* essay
 To beat the reedy shores for fishy prey?
 Now waves thy bare-Hook in the dallying wind,
 Thy frauds are obvious to the wiley kind;
 The *Hern* * on wasteful wing may beat the shore;
 Thee, Guardian Swain, the fishy Tribes deplore!
 My voice, my reed, shall in their turns complain;
 Here mix, my moving Pipe, thy sweetly mourn-
 ful strain.

Rashly!—ah hapless morn, too bad to tell,
 (The hapless morn I woe-remember well!)
 When thou and I our pastimes went to take
 All unsuspecting, at the *Whitson*-wake:
 'Twas there gay PHYLIA, lightly-footing by,
 Glanc'd the soft passion from her sky-blue eye,
 The young, coy, swain-sought charmer of the vale;
 And, first, was breath'd thy love-unheeded tale.

NOTES.

* The *Hern*, an insatiable devourer of Fish, is caught by baiting a strong line near his haunt with Gudgeon or a small Roach, tied to a large stone or bough, to prevent his carrying it away.

Why rashly wou'dst thou dare with vent'rous aim,
Untry'd in love, to trust so wild a flame?

The *Barnacle* ne'er quits the plasby mud,
But keeps her sounding in the shallow flood.

Linnets on high their Eyries never make,
But harbour lowly in the fuzzy brake.

When shall the *Chaffinch* on the main-sea brood,
Or *Halcyons* nest their offspring in the wood?

All things, by Nature taught, their station know
But thou wer't fond to tempt unpractis'd woe.

Vain is the hope to taste of pleasure more,
The heart love-thrall'd, no absence can restore.

My voice, my reed, shall in their turns complain;
Here mix, my moving Pipe, thy sweetly mourn-
ful strain.

Ah! ever lost, and ever to be mourn'd!
By Hope deserted, and by PHYLLA scorn'd;
With thee shall I no more the game invite,
Or sound the *Low-Bell* * in the field by night,

NOTES.

* A deep-sounding Bell used to keep the Birds from mounting while they pitch the net.

By

ECL. VIII. THE FOWLERS. 119

By reedy brooks the meshy toils display,
 Or in the moory fen the springes lay.
 The lavish *Lark* † at muting time shall sing,
 Or dar'd, before the *Hobby*, take to wing,
 Ere PHYLLA shall be soften'd by thy pain,
 Or thou thy vain-fought happiness regain.
 For thee the Fisher on the green-sea-deep,
 And Birdſman in the oſier copſe ſhall weep;
 The pitying Nymphs with flow'rs thy bier ſhall
 ſtrew,
 And THYRSIL's voice and reed their moving complaints
 renew.
 My voice, my reed, ſhall in their turns complain;
 Here mix, my Pipe, thy laſt, thy ſweetly mourn-
 ful ſtrain.

NOTES.

† The *Lark*, a chearful, lively Bird, is dull and ſilent while moulting. It is obſerved this little muſical creature will not riſe like other Birds and attempt her eſcape when in fight of the *Hawk*, but ſit fixed and ſuffer herſelf to be devoured on the place.

Now rose the *Wood-Lark* from her hilly nest,
And blith in air her wooing notes exprefs'd;
The Fowlers their untimely Songs reclaim,
Couch in the shrubs, and watch the settling Game,



ECLOGUE IX.

THE COMPLAINTS:

OR,

THE FRIENDS.



THE ARGUMENT.

This Eclogue is a Kind of familiar Conference supposed between the Poet and his Friend.—The Style is designedly more negligent and unlaboured than the Rest, filled up with little unconnected Pieces of private History (in a Manner Virgil conducts a Pastoral of the like Nature) wherein honourable and grateful Mention is made of some Names, distinguished by their Friendships.—The Whole has an Appearance suited to the Condition of Mind (produced by a Series of Disappointments and Dejection) under which it was written.



E C L O G U E IX.

THE COMPLAINTS:

OR,

THE FRIENDS.

LONG known and lov'd! O, try'd in Friend-
ship's part,

Of courteous Manners, and of openest Heart,
Form'd with just grace the tragic scene to fill,
Our passions mast'ring with thy wonder'd skill;
Yet meekly prone, when vacant hours invite,
To chuse the fav'rite Angle's calm delight;
Thine may this Verse, my latest labour, be;
A Verse may fitliest be inscrib'd to thee.

From *Lea* returning flow, my neighbouring
stream,

Young *MILO* o'er th' adjoining meadow came;

And

And as it chanc'd both took the city way,
 He stor'd with fruits, and I with finny prey;
 His steps he staid beneath a dodder'd oak;
 Then, beck'ning with his hand, he smiling spoke.

MILO.

Haste hither, RENOCK, and a while repose,
 For yet the air with sultry fervour glows;
 Till western gales the scorching heat allay,
 And lengthening shadows shew the close of day:
 Here due refreshment take, and Songs rehearse,
 While, gladly, I attend thy chearful Verse.

RENOCK.

Ah, MILO! how can grief like mine rejoice,
 Or chearful Songs employ a mourning Voice?
 While you retir'd a peaceful life enjoy,
 And rural hours in easy cares employ,
 Far other fate my youth is doom'd to know;
 Sad is my discontent, and deep my woe.

M I L O.

Heav'ns, what I heard ! and as I wish'd believ'd ;
How by your verse your fortune was retriev'd !

R E N O C K.

Belief is fond, and rumour ever lyes ;
But few by Poetry are known to rise !
While gentle MOLESWORTH * liv'd, the tuneful
Nine

Still pleas'd me, and all happier hours were mine ;
He view'd me, left in life's unfriended spring,
Chear'd my young Muse, and rear'd her first to
sing:—

But he, the Friend, is lost ! the gen'rous Peer !
So wont my sorrow-sinking mind to chear ;
He long is lost, and heavier fate ensues—
For care is born to me and to the Muse.

N O T E S.

* *Robert Lord Viscount Molesworth*, the celebrated
Author of *Cato's Letters*.

M I L O.

Yet DODDINGTON is fam'd for gen'rous praise,
He loves the Poet, and rewards his lays.

R E N O C K.

O MILO ! never liv'd a nobler mind !
Great without pride, to meanest merit kind.
This Verse I now to my MÆCENAS bear,
And ever shall he hear my grateful pray'r.
How easy were the grant to make me blest !
For little serves, when little we request.

M I L O.

Best Patron ! may thy ev'ry care succeed,
And Fame repay thy worth with ample meed,
As now the hapless Swain thy favour moves,
And in thy smiles a happier fortune proves.

R E N O C K.

MÆCENAS' praise employ'd the Mantuan Swain,
And SIDNEY lives renown'd in SPENSER's strain ;

ECL. IX. OR, THE FRIENDS. 127.

Great DORSET shines in younger COLIN's page,
And DODINGTON shall grace a new *Augustan* age.

M I L O.

So mayst thou live the Fisher's joy and theme,
And kinder fate thy drooping youth redeem :
May no rash Swain thy peaceful haunts annoy,
Nor greedy Poacher e'er thy Fry destroy ;
To me the musick of thy strains impart,
Tho' rude, a Lover of the tuneful Art.

R E N O C K.

Sing, gentle Muse, to HERTFORD's* gen'rous Pair,
All great the Hero, and all good the Fair.
While Cadews in the whisp'ring brook shall breed,
Or pitt'ring Grasshoppers delight the mead,
In grassy caves the slender Ant-fly build †,
And floods shall with their scaly tribes be fill'd ;

While

N O T E S.

* Late Duke and Dutchess of Somerset.

† The blackest *Ant-flies* are best. They appear in their hillocks in June, but later if the season is wet and cold.

While I to verse can easy numbers frame,
 Or my charm'd tongue repeat th' all-chearing name,
 Their worth my loud acknowledgments shall bind,
 A grateful strain becomes a grateful mind.

M I L O.

Sing what I heard you chant the other noon,
 The verse I keep, tho' I forget the tune.
 " Cease, Pike, with Perch † successless war to wage;
 " Their speary finns delude your idle rage;
 " Nor sleep expos'd, lest Frogs ‡ your lives betray,
 " And you unguarded fall an easy prey."

In

NOTES.

cold. These, with the *May* or *Cadderw-fly*, are the foundation of all *Fly-angling*. Way of preserving them is mentioned in *Eclogue* I. Note, p. 12.

† The Perch, when the Pike attempts to prey on him, sets up his sharp, spreading fins, as a Turkey-Cock, provoked, does his feathers, which safely defends him, and so terrifies his enemy he desists from the attack.

‡ Some pages might be employed to recount the wonderful sagacity of this despised animal in several remarkable

In skill tho' simple, and tho' rude my air,
 Two Songs I learn'd of PHILADEL the fair,
 And with a third my humble voice I'd try,
 Wou'd you to teach a favour'd strain comply.

RENOCK.

Small skill can I, obliging Swain, impart,
 My fancy pall'd, myself unvers'd in art.

NOTES.

able passages of the Fishing-Frog, called by the *Dalmatians* the *Water-Devil*; and some others, so fearful of their mortal enemy the Water-Snake, that when they swim across any wide place likely to meet with him, they carry a long small straw or reed, cross-wise in their mouths, by which if the Snake gets any part of them into *his*, it cannot swallow them. But the remark in this note is, the antipathy between the *Pike* and *Frog*, instanced by DUBRAVIUS, *Eclogue* vi. *Note*, p. 75; for as he eagerly seeks to prey on the Frog, so when he is at noon carelessly sleeping and sunning himself, the Frog, watching his opportunity, leaps upon his head, and there continues, not by art or force to be dislodged till he has deprived him of his eyes: Which thing the learned Prelate above attests to have happened, in company with another Bishop, in his sight. The story at large may be read (before often quoted) *Comp. Angl.* p. 131. 8th Edit.

130 THE COMPLAINTS: ECL. IX.

Than mine, more sweet your song, your note more
gay,

Blither than Sky-Larks in a morn of May!

M I L O.

What would I give like you the reed to blow,
Or practis'd arts of vocal sounds to know.

R E N O C K.

You mock my griefs; with what a lavish flight
You stretch your voice, how tow'r above my height!
Your mirth seems natural, and free your vein,
Mine is false merriment, and forc'd my strain.

M I L O.

Ah, pity'd Friend! o'erwhelm'd in hopeless cares,
A double wound thy suffering bosom bears;
Not more by fortune than by love oppress'd:
Love! sharpest woe, to pierce the gentle breast.

R E N O C K.

Proud STELLA! Angel with a Tyrant's heart!
Form'd for my wish, yet destin'd for my smart,
Once

ECL. IX. OR, THE FRIENDS. 131

Once my lov'd hope, companion soft and kind,
Till false dividing Friends unfix'd thy mind:
Forbid thy fight, thy ever-parted charms,
Torn from these true but vainly-doating arms,
Tho' doom'd my flame in silence to suppress,
Still the deep secret will my looks confess;
My stifled sigh, my softly-stealing tear:
'Thro' each disguise the Lover will appear.

M I L O.

One ditty yet vouchsafe my ardent choice,
(Soft are thy mournful accents, sweet thy voice)
The Song you whilom sung in artful guise,
When you with MÆRIS strove, and won the prize;

R E N O C K.

Since you request, (but how unfit my state)
I yield.—The Muse cou'd once my grief abate.

M I L O.

'Tis RENOCK's Song, Muse, aid th' advent'rous
strain,
And tune the numbers, and direct thy swain!

R E N O C K.

Stern *Boreas* now the stormy North unbinds,
 With all his frozen race of wint'ry winds;
 The woody Pow'rs to inmost caves betake,
 And River-Gods their icy urns forsake,
 A trembling horror seizes all the floods,
 And chilly blasts benumb their finny broods.

From seas haste, PROTEUS, with thy wat'ry
 wain,

And thaw the floods, and save thy dying train.

To the pale Sun their sickly tribes they show,
 And leave their bottom-haunts, presaging woe *;

N O T E S.

* All *Fish* in cold weather keep the bottom. If in frosts any shew themselves it is a desperate sign, and foretells they are all perishing, unless speedily assisted by breaking the ice. At such a time, if it is done at the sunny-side and deepest part of the pond or river, they will all gather there, and the *Angler* probably have large plenty of sport, where the hole is cleared, and of a sufficient width and depth.

The

The shades of pools they leave, the depths of streams,
And rise in vain to meet his chearing beams.

His feeble ray no kindly warmth avails,
Nor cheers 'em, tho' he gilds their quiv'ring scales.

From seas haste, PROTEUS, with thy wat'ry
wain,

And thaw the floods, and save thy dying train.

In the still lake their labouring finns they ply*,
And wish'd relief from ceaseless motion try:

Th' unsocial Pike, by soft'ning fear subdu'd,
Joins in the toil, and aids th' industrious brood.

But vain the strife, if there no spring ascend,
Or brook distill, or stream his current lend.

From seas haste, PROTEUS, with thy wat'ry
wain,

And thaw the floods, and save thy dying train.

NOTES.

* In extreme frosts they have been observed to gather to the sunny side of the water least subject to freeze, and great and small, as if a general consultation, nimbly bestir themselves so as to prevent it for some time.

The

The Eel, to cold an early prey resign'd *,
 First falls, a helpless undefended kind ;
 Unless her wint'ry hold betimes she chuse,
 The banky shelter, or low-bedded ooze.

From seas haste, PROTEUS, with thy wat'ry
 wain,

And thaw the floods, and save thy dying train.

The Carp and Perch in mingling numbers die,
 And Pike expire with the unravag'd fry ;
 They feel their scales with stiff'ning cold confin'd,
 And languish, faint, within their icy rhind.
 Yet will the hardy *Tench* † securely dwell,
 Envelop'd fast in her cold frozen shell.

NOTES.

* See *Note, Eclogue vi. p. 80.*

† *Tench* are more able to endure cold than any Fish ;
 some, frozen in a thick cake of ice and imagined dead,
 have revived and appeared upon a thaw, when most of
 the other Fish have been lost. The like has been re-
 marked of the *Bream*.

From seas haste, PROTEUS, with thy wat'ry
wain,

And thaw the floods, and save thy dying train.

See South winds from their balmy quarters blow,
And woods begin to wave, and floods to flow ;
Their icy bonds in dews dissolve away,
And Fish anew their pliant finns display.

To seas back, PROTEUS, with thy wat'ry wain,
The floods are thaw'd, and save thy rescu'd train.

Time and distress our Genius quite impair,
And toys of verse are lost in weightier care ;
Once, when a Boy, e're grief my spirits drown'd,
Much cou'd I sing, for skill not unrenown'd ;
But such delights to happier hours belong,
Sadness and mourning ill become a Song.

M I L O,

Here may'st thou yet thy peaceful sitting take,
How sweet a shade the tangling thickets make !
The birds above melodious music breathe,
And od'rous scents exhale from flowers beneath.

Of

136 THE COMPLAINTS, &c. ECL. IX.

Of Elder-bloom the fragrant sweets diffuse,
Well might'st thou here indulge thy mirth and muse.
—Hark, what a song to charm thee in yon bow'rs,
From his stretch'd throat the chearful *Blackbird*
pours !

The Shepherd-lads and play-maids of the green
Here shortly, too, on *Eve*-sports will be seen.—

R E N O C K .

Thy importunity a while delay :
Spent is the ebbing light, and far the way.
And now my Sonnets to the Muses King,
My patron, trembling I prepare to bring :
Gloom, and dismay, my sinking heart depress,
Dispirited, and fearful of success :
Yet deeply urg'd my fortunes I pursue,
Happy while plac'd in his upraising view ;
And if my youth he favour and my lay,
I'll grateful praise, in loftier verse, repay.

7 NO 61

F I N I S .

